Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 66.—Vol. V. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 8, 1905 With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by] **Princess Henry of Pless** [*Lafayette*

The infant son of Princess Henry of Pless was christened at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, last week. Queen Alexandra stood as godmother. The other sponsors included the Prince of Wales and Mr. Cornwallis West

No. 66.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"The House of Merrilees." By Archibald Marshall. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"The King's Scapegoat." By Hamilton Drummond. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"Barham of Beltana." By W. E. Norris. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Valley of the Shadow." By William Le Queux. (Methuen: 6s.)

"A Gendarme of the King." By Philip L. Stevenson. (Hurst and Blackett: 6s.)

"The Wedding of the Lady of Lovell." By V. L. Silberrad. (Constable: 6s.)

"Aunt Phipps." By Tom Gallon. (Hutchinson: 6s.)

"In Search of the Unknown." By Robert W. Chambers. (Constable: 6s.)

"Constance West." By E. R. Punshon. (John Lane: 6s.)

"The Adventures of an Equerry." By Morice Gerard. (Cassell and Co.: 6s.)

"By Beach and Bogland." Irish Stories. By Jane Barlow. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"Creatures that once were Men." By Maxim Gorky. (Alston Rivers: 1s. 6d.; in paper cover, 1s.)

"One Life, One Love." By M. E. Braddon. (Newnes: 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Florence." Described by Mrs. Goff. With seventy-five illustrations in colour, by Colonel R. C. Goff. (A. and C. Black: 20s. net.)

"South Africa: A Glance at Current Conditions and Politics." By J. H. Balfour Browne. (Longmans: 7s. 6d. net.)

"William Bodham Donne and his Friends." Edited by Catherine B. Johnson. With sixteen illustrations. (Methuen: 14s.)

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The Grand Carnival at Nice: A Battle of Confetti

The Grand Carnival at Nice: Scene in the streets

and, as each batch of men returns from the seat of war, disaffection spreads. Sixty thousand strikers are out at Moscow, and the position is grave wherever one looks at it, whether it be Petersburg, Warsaw, Baku, or Helsingfors. The Imperial Treasury is empty, and the loan of forty millions, which the Tsar hoped to raise from Germany and France, his Ministers, at this moment, dare not place. The Tsar himself does not appear to appreciate the situation. He issues a ukase to his subjects, the gist of which is a plea that everything is for the best, and requests them to "be good." Utter ruin is meantime facing him, for the precious days he should be employing to make terms with Japan and to pacify his people — not with patronising ukases, but with some practical guarantees of reform—are being wasted. Soon it will be too late for him to make peace with either.

The appointment of Lord Selborne to succeed Lord Milner as High Commissioner in South Africa is approved of by those he will rule. It is rather amusing to find that some of the Ministerial journals consider that Lord Selborne has made an immense sacrifice. This is hardly complimentary to South Africa, but we will let that pass. Where is the sacrifice? In these days, when Imperialism is lauded to the skies, we fail to see how a man who accepts a post to rule one of the Empire's greatest dependencies can be said to be "sacrificing" himself. If the suggestion means that Lord Selborne is sacrificing his present position as First Lord of the Admiralty, one thinks with a smile of the precariousness of a Government whose majority drops to twenty-four and—wonders.

The Grand Carnival which has just been held at Nice: The Ruler of the Revels in his Palace

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

M. Yermoloff and His Task

Few tasks can be harder than that which confronts M. Yermoloff, the Russian Minister of Agriculture. Although the story that the Tsar had signed a Ukase, or Magna Charta, drawn up by him, was devoid of foundation, it is certain that he has been engaged in drawing up a truthful report of the chaos which reigns in Russia, with a view to persuading the Tsar to admit a Constitution on Western lines. Moreover, the Tsar has seen this report, and has expressed in the usual non-committal terms his determination to consider it from every point of view. The first step has been made, but the labours of M. Yermoloff can only be said to have commenced.

M. Yermoloff

Minister of Agriculture in Russia, who is engaged in the task of trying to convince the Tsar that a Constitution is vital to Russia

A Story of G. B. S.

The present popularity of G. B. S., and all his works and opinions, reminds me by contrast (writes a correspondent) of a little incident, the narration of which Mr. Shaw, if it comes to his notice, will surely forgive. Two years ago, an Army officer, returned from several years' foreign service, was talking to a friend, a London journalist, upon the annoying habit Londoners had of referring to notabilities in their own small circle as if the whole Empire were ringing with their fame. The newspaper man pleaded that all the men to whom he had referred in conversation with his friend were of world-wide celebrity. "Nothing like it," retorted the soldier. "I know plenty of well-informed men of the world, in a different circle to you, who would not know half the names you have mentioned." The argument became so heated that a test case was agreed upon. The soldier chose his mess as the circle of well-informed men; the journalist chose George Bernard Shaw as the celebrity. The parties expressed their mutual satisfaction with this arrangement, and with the stakes—one sovereign. The journalist lost the bet, and his views on world-wide celebrities underwent some modification. "A nice, bright lot of chaps in your regiment," he grumbled to the winner. "Whom did they think G. B. S. was?" "Only one of them had the hardihood to risk a reply," was the answer, "and he said, 'Isn't he a sculptor?'"

Lieutenant-General Linievitch

Lieutenant-General N. P. Linievitch, who is now engaged in a terrific struggle with Generals Oku, Oyama, and Kuroki, to the eastward of Mukden, is one of the Tsar's most able military officers. He is in his sixty-seventh year, and has been a soldier for

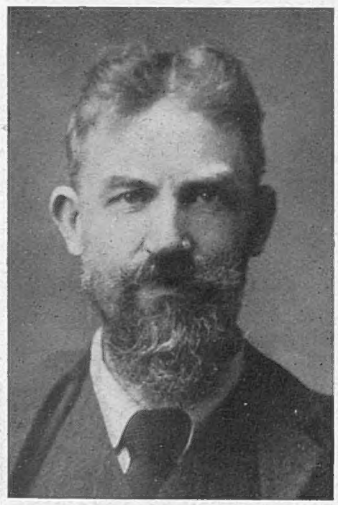


Photo by Agnes Jenn'ngs

Mr. George Bernard Shaw

Whose masterpiece of humour, *John Bull's Other Island*, will be played at the Court for one special evening at the desire, it is stated, of a "very exalted Personage"

Photo by Bolak

Lieut.-General Linievitch

Now engaged in a terrific struggle with Generals Oku, Oyama, and Kuroki, to the eastward of Mukden

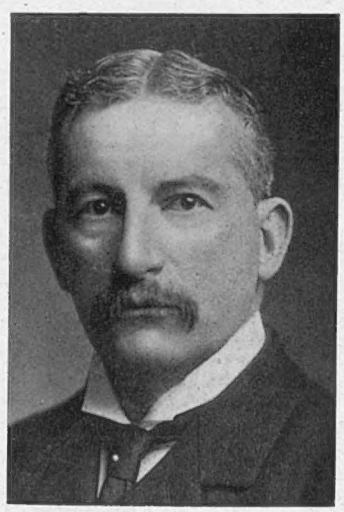


Photo by Russell

Colonel W. Kenyon-Slaney

Who believes that a tenant should not hold different political views from his landlord

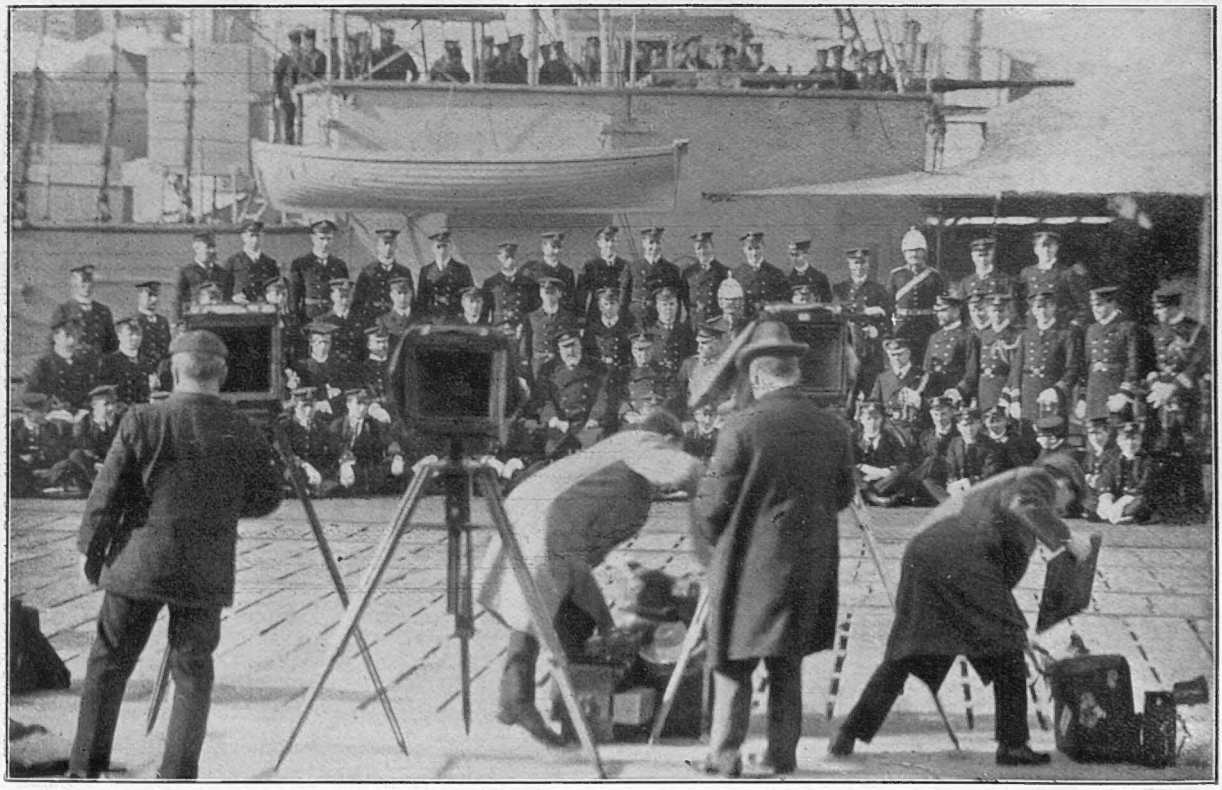
Entertaining the King on H.M.S. "Drake"

half a century. In 1859 he won the Cross of the St. Anne Order for conspicuous gallantry when fighting in what has since become known as "Russia's Murderland"—the Caucasus. He was again decorated during the Russo-Turkish War, in which he commanded the Second Caucasian Rifle Battalion, and later he was presented with the Cross of St. George and a golden sword of honour. Twenty-one years ago Linievitch was given the command of the 84th Regiment of Infantry, and five years later he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and was given the Trans-Caspian Rifle Brigade, which he speedily transformed from an inefficient force to one of the smartest units of the Russian Army. In 1895 General Linievitch was appointed Commander of the Ussuri Military District, and he commanded the Siberian Army Corps during the "Boxer" outbreak of 1900, and was leader of the Russian forces against Pekin. In appearance General Linievitch somewhat resembles the Asiatics, among whom he has spent the greater portion of his life. He is popular with his officers, and his men have lovingly nicknamed him "Old Thunderer."

Colonel Kenyon-Slaney

Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, M.P., has hitherto been best known for that clause in the Education Act which bears his name, but lately he has again been prominent in connection with a disagreement between a Mr. F. Horne, one of his tenants, and himself. As a rule, differences of opinion between a landowner and his tenant are soon settled—the tenant goes. In this case, Mr. Horne is a gentleman of some

The King and Prince Louis of Battenberg leaving H.M.S. "Drake"



Photos by **The King and officers of H.M.S. "Drake" under fire from photographers** [*Cribb*

His Majesty made a joke of the function of being photographed. He gave the signal to the photographer with an "Are you ready?" "Fire!"

A Feminine Notability who Yearned for Prison

position. He contested Ludlow as a Liberal, and assisted in the cause of Oswestry. These "goings-on" did not meet with the approval of Colonel Kenyon-Slaney. It did not seem meet and right to him that one of his tenants should associate himself with the disreputable policy that is opposed to militant Toryism. So the gallant Colonel made it very hot for his tenant; refused to attend his tenant's dinner because of possible contamination; and Mr. Horne has found it impossible to preserve his self-respect and remain a tenant of the Colonel. The matter was brought up in the House recently on the ground of "want of security of tenure," but the gallant Member did not seem anxious to defend his action. That he was legally right is undoubtedly true; but was it "Sporting"? Does Colonel Kenyon-Slaney approve of such tactics as to bring into private life public differences of opinion? One must judge as one sees, and we have only to remark that, during the discussion of the matter, Colonel Slaney made only one attempt to rise, and then left to discuss the matter among his own constituents, who may be more easily satisfied.

Miss Maude Gonne (Mrs. McBride)

The famous Irish agitator and socialist, who is seeking a divorce from her husband, Major McBride

Miss Maud Gonne

So Maud Gonne—we cannot call her by her married name, Mrs. McBride—has made the old discovery, beloved of cynics—that marriage is a failure! Last week she and her husband appeared before a magistrate, and the usual sordid charges were made. Major McBride was a brave man; he fought in the South African War on the Boer side against the "Saxon tyrants"; but he was cruel, unfaithful, and drank. For some time they had lived apart,

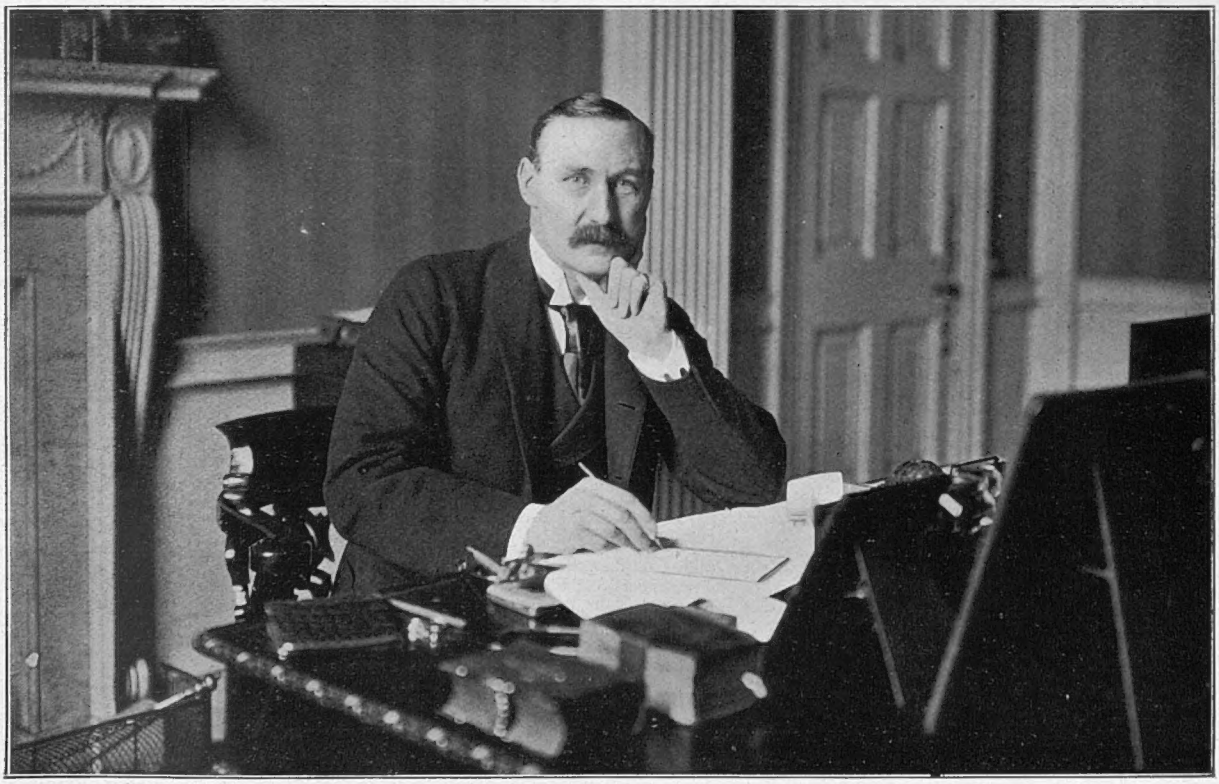


Photo by *Haines*

Lord Selborne, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Milner in Africa

An incoming Ministry seldom makes any change in the Pro-Consuls appointed by its predecessor. It will be interesting to see whether the Liberal Government, in the event of their being returned to power, will follow this precedent

The Late Mr. Guy Boothby, and his Hobbies

and, on several occasions, when she was away from home, he brought home tipsy Irishmen — how the Irish stand and fall together—who slept in her bed. Miss Maud Gonne insists upon the entire charge of her little boy; his father's "dissolute and vicious habits" unfit him for control. Major McBride —we are indebted to the *Daily Mirror* for the laconic statement—"retorts in kind." That is to say, their married life has not been successful, and initial procedure in France towards obtaining a divorce has been entered upon; for the magistrate failed in his attempts to bring about a conciliation.

Maud Gonne! Who, in Ireland, does not remember and love her? Always sympathetic, endowed with plenty of mother wit, never failing in the apt retort, she carried her audiences away with her. She preached sedition, and was violent to a degree. Her popularity was unbounded among the peasantry, and if her propaganda lost something by its audacity and exaggeration, who could resist the bewitching smile, the glorious golden hair, and the fascination of her presence. Certainly not the Irish peasantry, who called her Erin's Joan of Arc. And she married!

Maud Gonne, before her marriage, was unfortunate in one respect only. She was besieged by admirers. "Irish poets, French marquises, English officers, American

Photo by *Fall*

The late Mr. Guy Boothby

General Stoessel, his wife, and friends, on board the ss. "St. Nicholas," which brought them to Russia

The defender of Port Arthur has now arrived at St. Petersburg, and has had an interview with the Tsar. Mme. Stoessel is seen in the illustration wearing a white hat. Her husband, in uniform, stands behind her, while grouped in front are their five adopted children

The Marquis of Bute and his Fiancée

millionaires, Members of Parliament, brilliant artists, and rising barristers," to quote the *Mirror*, had all fallen victims to her resistless beauty. But she could not induce the Irish police to imprison her. One week would have sufficed to persuade her Continental friends of her importance. They refused to gratify her, and so—she married Major McBride.

The Creator of "Dr. Nikola"

The late Mr. Guy Boothby had seemed so vigorously young, and firmly rooted in public favour, that the news of his sudden death at Bournemouth on Sunday of last week must have been a shock to many readers. Only in his thirty-seventh year, the young Colonial — he was a native of Adelaide—had made his name a familiar one throughout the land, and it is a safe statement that more people have read Mr. Boothby's novels than have read Mr. Thomas Hardy's. But his fame was quickly won, and — though we remember the old maxim to say nothing but good of the dead, we must say what we think—it will quickly wane. The literary quality of his work was never remarkable; his success came from a distinct facility for the construction of an intricate and exciting story of the essentially melodramatic order. Also, there was always an element of high spirits, of full blood, which told for strength, and won the approval of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Seldom has any young novelist jumped so easily into notice. It is little more than ten years since his first book, "On the Wallaby," appeared. This was made up of short stories contributed to *To-Day* and other journals soon after Mr. Boothby arrived in England to try his fortune with the pen. In the same year he published "In Strange Company," a novel that had ready success; but it was not until he invented, in 1896, his "Dr. Nikola," a character of fiction admirably adapted to mural advertising, that his name flared before us on every hoarding in every considerable town. "Dr. Nikola" served him for several later books, and had his *congé* in "Farewell Nikola," which was published in 1901. Mr. Boothby enjoyed to the full his success, and took his work, perhaps, a thought too seriously. He was noted for his odd tastes in the matter of hobbies, chief of which was the collecting of live fish from all parts of the world, and many of his photos show him in company of some of his bulldogs, in the breeding of which he must have expended a small fortune.

Photo by *Russell*

The Marquis of Bute

Whose engagement to Miss Bellingham has just been announced

Happenings in the Catholic World

Catholics have two items of news this week which will delight them. The one is the announcement from Rome, in positive terms, that Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, will be honoured by the Pope with a Cardinal's hat at the next Consistory. The other item is that the young Marquis of Bute is engaged to be married to a charming young Irish lady, Miss Augusta Bellingham, daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham. The young Marquis—he is not yet twenty-four—is not only the richest Catholic in this country, but one of the wealthiest of King Edward's subjects, as he practically owns Cardiff. He has crowded a good deal of travelling into his years. It will be remembered that he carried his father's heart, enclosed in a golden urn, and buried it in Jerusalem. He has shot and explored in Morocco and in Central Africa, and has made two visits to the Holy Land. Like his father, who was a convert, he is very fervent, and gives largely to the Church.

The Crichton-Stuarts and the Bellinghams

There is no question, if it comes to comparison, which is the most ancient family—the Crichton-Stuarts or the Bellinghams. The Stuarts were an old family at the time Cromwell was engaged in upheaving the old condition of things; they were enthusiastic supporters of their kinsmen, the Royal Stuarts; and more than one of them has been hanged in his day. But the Bellinghams are descended in an unbroken male line from Alan de Bellingham, who came across with William the Conqueror and settled at Bellingham—pronounced Bellinjam — in Northumberland, from whence he derived his name. The present holder of the baronetcy is a Commissioner of National Education in Ireland, and was Private Chamberlain to the late Pope, Leo XIII., and acts in a similar capacity to the present Pope, Pius X. Miss Bellingham's only sister is a nun.

Photo by *Thomson*

MISS BELLINGHAM

Whose engagement to the Marquis of Bute has just been announced. Miss Bellingham is the daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, of Castle Bellingham, co. Louth

Random Jottings

Spoiling the Child

Does the modern parent spoil his child? It seems only too true that he does. "But for the fact," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "that his son occupies a high position in the Ministry, there is little doubt that Mr. Chamberlain would take steps to precipitate a Dissolution."

Lobby Manœuvres

One must bear in mind, however, that the above statement is, after all, only a Lobby rumour. And there is no place better suited than the Lobby for making people "the victims of a manœuvre designed to mislead the public"—if we may borrow Reuter's classic phrase.

An Ingenious Scheme

Russian affairs are still in a bad way. Having decided to call the Zemski Sobor, the Tsar has been confronted with the question: What is a Zemski Sobor? Or rather, what kind of a Zemski Sobor can be called? The present proposal is to "draft a scheme introducing a Parliament suitable to modern Russian conditions and to the Russian dynastic rule, which would give the people a voice while preserving the Imperial rights." In other words, a scheme that shall persuade the lambs that it is very nice to lie down with the lion. The lion to retain his claws.

Photo by *Cocks*

Typhoid in Lincoln: The old bridge in the High Street

Below runs the River Witham, which has been the cause of the present typhoid epidemic. The bridge is 600 years old, and is the only mediæval bridge in England which still has houses and shops on it

An Unfair Distinction

In the meantime, strikes continue, one of the latest being the strike of the domestic maid-servants at Kieff. A number of the fair strikers were taken to the police-station under military escort. It is understood that those who were not shown this attention returned home, vowing that the others were "mean cats."

An Example of Misstatement

The Russian forces in Manchuria have captured a Japanese despatch advising Japanese officers that they must not relax their efforts, as victory is not yet complete. Russians regard this document as only another example of how little any news circulated by Japanese officials is to be relied on.

A Herculean Work

The new Berlin Cathedral, which was consecrated last week in the presence of the Kaiser, though it has taken twelve years in building, is not yet completely finished. The enormous nature of the work may, perhaps, best be realised—writes our Berlin representative—if we remember that the crypt alone is designed to contain the remains of those Hohenzollerns who have done signal service to their country.

Concerning Plateaus

We all have our temptations, but—*pace* Mr. Bernard Shaw—men are not so tempted to sin in the matter of dress as women are. Would any man require to be told that he must not wear "the saucily-poised plateau"? Yet a contemporary, dealing with the Spring fashions, feels it necessary to warn "the buxom woman of heavy build" from indulging in this luxury. We do not even know what a saucily-poised plateau is. We think it is a hat. We trust no buxom women will wear it.

And the Gallicising of Costume

But even if they do wear it, we cannot help wishing they will give it some other name. Why "plateau"? If it is a mountain of a hat, why not call it a mountain? Or a table-top? The English language is a very rich one, and could certainly afford some synonym. Given the synonym, it seems to us that the buxom woman of heavy build would be far less likely to succumb to the wrong thing. She would know, and be forewarned, that the omnibus-umbrella hat was not for her—if she knew it as the omnibus-umbrella hat. As it is, she has the plateau saucily poised

upon her head before she realises what she is in for —and one more buxom Englishwoman is assuring the world that she does not know what suits her. But, perhaps, under any other name she would think it looked as sweet.

The House of the Future

Everyone is interested in the house of the future, which a lady lecturer has said is to be without domestic servants. Domestic servants are — it seems — an anachronism. They belong to the tenth century, or thereabouts. But then so many things do, if one is a reformer. Omnibuses, Free Trade, the War Office, Mr. Chaplin, the Marriage Laws—all these are anachronisms, if regarded from a particular point of view. The question is: Shall we ever be able to do without them?

Transformations

In a sense, of course, we shall be able to do without some of them some day. Or, at least, they will be transformed. The omnibus will be transformed into a motor, the War Office into an office concerned with military affairs, Mr. Chaplin—maybe—into a Viscount. But into what will the domestic servant be transformed? Who shall take her place? Will she be municipalised like all other things?

The Private Home

Such a change is, of course, conceivable. She would, at any rate, no longer be with us in our houses. "The house," said the lecturer, "will at last be private." The machinist will come in to blow away our dust; our meals will be borne in on the wings of a waiter. Hot, of course. But supposing they are cold? How will the British householder speak his mind to the cook?

The Municipal Cook

We see a painful vision of him rising from his private table full of anger, and putting his hat on (unless he belongs to the No Hat League, which by then he will do), to hurry off to the Office of Cookery, where the chef resides in State. The gorgeous janitor who waits outside will stop him in his rush. What is his name? Smith. Business? Chop sent up cold. Very well: will Mr. Smith kindly write it down on this form? Mr. Smith does so. The official takes it up. He returns with the news that M. Antoine is engaged at present. Would Mr. Smith care to wait? An hour? Or come again to-morrow? Poor Mr. Smith! He is a domestic man. He will not be altogether happy without his domestic servants. Even the plumber is sometimes too much for him.

SPORTING EXPRESSIONS (Illustrated): "The Spurs win"

THEATRES OF VARIETY

OPERETTA AT THE PALACE, AND A NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

At the Palace Theatre

Swashbucklery—that grievous epidemic which has carried off so many stage plays in their infancy—has now spread to the theatres of variety. *The Knights of the Road*, the new operetta by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, showed on its first production such unmistakable symptoms of swashbucklery, that steps should at once be taken by the enterprising management of the Palace Theatre to isolate it.

To the Palace management I should like to offer my tribute of sympathy for the indifferent success which has attended a very earnest attempt to provide for their patrons a turn of the very highest class. It should not be difficult to estimate the top-weights in the balance of public opinion between a couple of serio-comics and a sand-dancer in one scale against an original operetta by the president of a musical academy in the other. The latter turn has much in its favour. It is a praiseworthy attempt to press into the service of the variety stage talent which usually finds an outlet in other channels. So the production of *The Knights of the Road* had a send-off attended by the heartiest expressions of good luck. Unfortunately, the libretto is not qualified to act even in the humble capacity of a peg upon which to hang a score. Such dialogue as one can hear is a mere collection of bombastic phrases, a veritable tag-rag and bob-tail of eighteenth century expletive.

Tom Hearne, at the Palace
The laziest, to say nothing of being the funniest, juggler on earth

The remainder is lost amid a hubbub of loud laughter, stamping of feet, and cracking of whips, contributed by the roystering gallants who fill the stage. They are a restless band. The prompt-book must be scored with their "crosses." No sooner has one character gained that great coign of vantage of all stage swashbucklers, the edge of the table (centre), when he is sent off, with many a cheery buffet, to make merry with other of his boon companions up stage.

By this unpromising libretto Sir Alexander Mackenzie has failed to be inspired. The patch-work of the libretto has its effect upon the score. Only in the case of the song, "I'm so nervous," expressively rendered by Mr. Cairns James, do the lyrics give the composer a chance to show his humour. For the rest there is a very pretty

"The Knights of the Road," the new Operetta by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, at the Palace Theatre

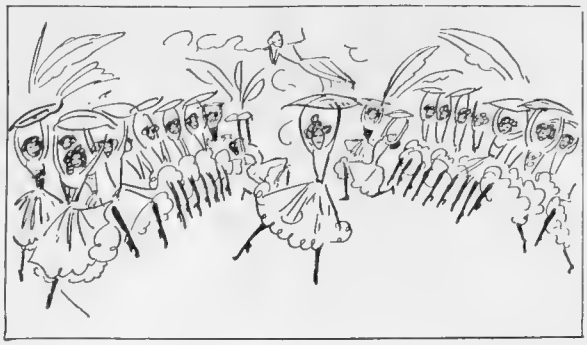
madrigal, and a patriotic song, which is peculiarly unsuited to the occasion in the operetta upon which it is introduced, but which taken alone is effective. Mournful melodies express the love sentiments of two of the highwaymen and of the one feminine character in the piece, a waiting-maid. The rest of the Palace programme is well up to standard — and this in itself is high commendation. To mention but two turns. Vesta Tilley breathes the very spirit of comic cockneydom, and Tom Hearne is not only the laziest (as announced), but also the funniest, juggler in the world.

Impressions at the Alhambra

On the cobbler-and-last principle, I was told off to write about the new ballet at the Alhambra, and the artist man whose name figures in italic capitals at the top of these pages was told off to draw it. We went to the show, and enjoyed it immensely.

Discussing it over a salmon sandwich at Appenrodt's, he said that there was a deep undercurrent of dramatic suggestion in the *motif* of *My Lady Nicotine*. I said I thought the colour-scheme admirable, particularly in the last scene, where the contrast of velvet burnt-sienna skirts and delicate grey-green bodices was a very pretty fancy on the part of the designer. "Talk of Sardou," he sniffed contemptuously, "if he used up a whole bundle of *billets-doux*, he would not be able to develop in one *divertissement*, even with the aid of words, such an intrigue as is here presented." "An intrigue?" I muttered, off my guard for a moment. I was thinking of the contrasting types of grace exemplified by Miss Edith Slack and Miss Rosie Deane.

"Certainly. This ballet breathes the very spirit of intrigue." I groaned in spirit. "It is a drama of intrigue in three panels. The first, a Virginian plantation, where the jealous slave-master fails in his machinations to win the hand of the planter's daughter; the second a Turkish harem, where the favourite is ousted by her hated and more supple rival; the third, the dyke-bound home of a Dutch burgomaster, where——



A Plantation in Virginia about 1770

Interior of a Turkish Harem

Holland: The Dance of the Sabots

NORMAN MORROW'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET, "MY LADY NICOTINE"

"Those Dutch dresses are wonderfully like the real thing," I managed to chip in.

"Have you been in Holland?"

"No, but, hang it," I answered in justification "the people are just like the ones Tom Browne draws, and he was there."

"Talking of models," said my companion—I was so glad to find him switched off the dramatic tack that I listened with some pleasure—"I had an old Irishman up in my studio the other day. He's a character if ever there was one. I asked him about the other artists he sat to, and when he mentioned a certain man in whose career I was very much interested, I asked him what kind of work he turned out. 'Oh,' he replied, 'he just paints away like you fellows.'"

"And about the ballet," I went on, for no man can ever cap his own stories.

"Oh, the ballet," he murmured.

"What have you done?" I inquired, with some severity. He opened his sketch-book, with an apologetic air, and showed me a few pages disfigured by meaningless designs.

"These are my impressions," he retaliated, as a challenge to my look of disdain. "Besides, you kept on interrupting me with your views on colour, effects, grouping, design, and every other possible relation of this ballet to art, of which you cannot by any chance know anything."

I swallowed an obvious retort, and advised the artist man to try his impressions on the editor.

"That's not a bad idea," he answered affably. "You had better do the same." The impressions of my friend are helped out by the latest scientific research in the field of process-work and printing.

My impression of the new ballet at the Alhambra is presented to the public by more simple means. Some years ago the phrase would have been, "A 1." Modern slang has progressed. It is "top-hole."

E. C. S.

"The Bystander" Mission to Messrs. Torrey and Alexander

No. I.—THE ROLLING BALL OF ADVERTISEMENT

The chorus of wonder and respectful admiration that has arisen from the London Press at large over the latest undertaking by Messrs. Torrey and Alexander, has so struck those gentlemen as to draw from them the acknowledgment that they have never known anything like it before. In their own country, it seems, they are not treated in that way. Things are said about them, and said freely. They are not, in fact, accepted to any great extent by the American Press as heaven-sent apostles of pure religion, but as a capable and up-to-date business concern bringing to market wares by which a considerable proportion of the population is attracted, just as others are attracted by the theatrical wares of the American George Edwardes, whoever he may be.

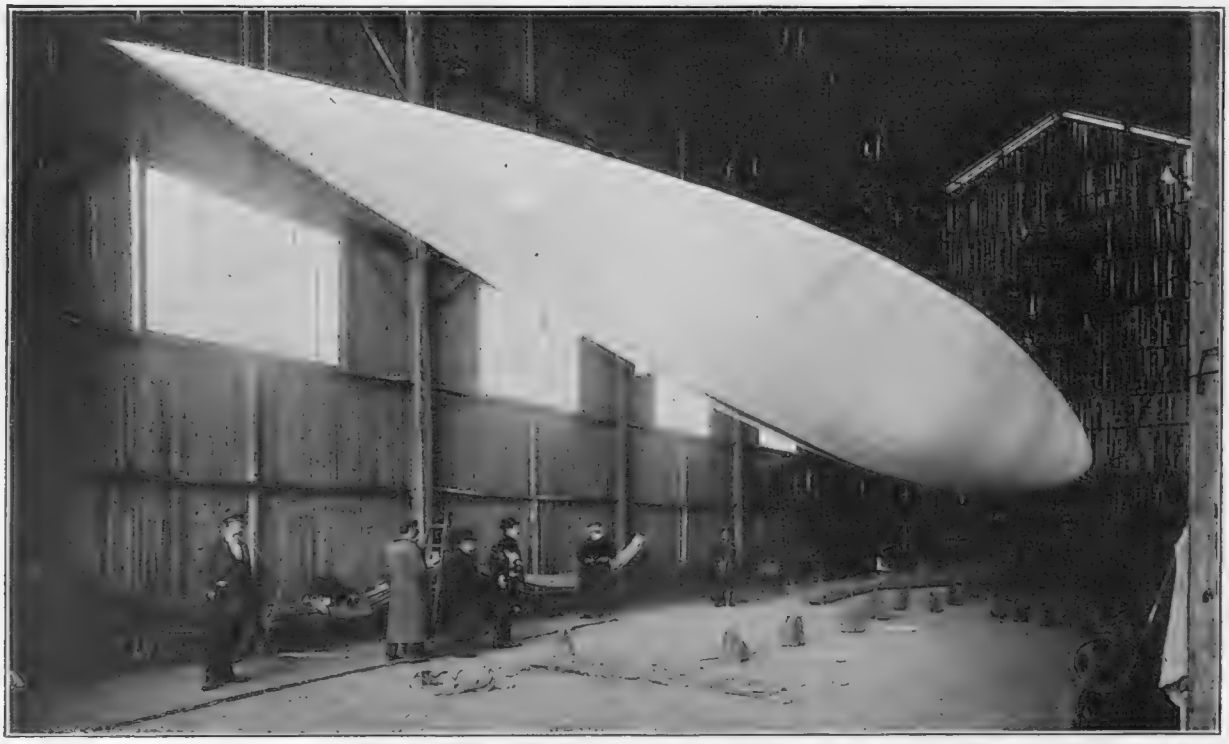


Photo by] **"Santos Dumont XIV.": The Brazilian aeronaut's new dirigible balloon** [*Topical Agency*

M. Santos Dumont continues his plucky attempts to gain the mastery of the air. At regular periods he discards his dirigible balloons for a new model. With the appearance of the new model, the fears of the superstitious regarding M. Santos Dumont's experiments with "No. 13" are now happily set at rest

The Press of England, as well as the "leaders of religious thought," have consented to take Messrs. Torrey and Alexander at their own valuation—or that of their advance agents. THE BYSTANDER, almost alone, has wanted to know a little more about the Company before joining the Board, after allotment, and from what it has observed up to the present, prefers still to hold aloof, and play the part of candid critic.

The Rolling Ball of Advertisement

Now, it has been possible to learn exactly the light in which Messrs. Torrey and Alexander wish themselves to be regarded, by reading their advance and current advertisements, for it would be idle to take the voluminous articles in the daily and weekly Press as anything but a cleverly contrived system of advertisement, so cleverly contrived that after the ball has been set fairly rolling it goes on rolling of itself. One gathers, then, that stress is to be laid on the fact that Dr. Torrey is a member of the American plutocracy, and would also like it to be inferred that he is a member of the American aristocracy of "blood," which he may be, for all we know or care. These considerations carry weight in the United States, and they are expected to carry weight in England. Also that he was known as "the best poker-player in his University," and one of his favourite amusements used to be "horseback-riding." In fact, he is presented to us as what, in our own Universities, is known as a "blood." Mr. Alexander, too, with less substantial corroboration behind him, looms before us as a "blood," with his "slim figure" and his smart attire. For the rest, the overpowering desire of the pair of them is to "save souls," and not to make money. But it has never been denied, and cannot be denied, that "the labourer is worthy of his hire" formula is made to cover a very considerable allocation of funds, out of the large sum collected to run the mission, towards the "personal expenses" of the missioners. How much we do not know, because we are not allowed to know. At any rate, it was made to cover a suite of rooms at one of the leading London hotels (I think the Carlton) during a previous tour of the principals in the East

End, and it is commonly stated that it is made to cover an allowance of £100 a week to each of them during the present tour. It is possible that this estimate is exaggerated, but if it is, they have themselves to thank for it, for until they adopt the very simple expedient of publishing accounts, rumour will have its way.

The Gospel of Poverty

We may take it for granted, then, that Jowett's saying that there is a good deal more praise in the Gospel of poverty, regarded simply as poverty, than most people are willing to admit, is not a truth that has taken deep hold of Dr. Torrey's or Mr. Alexander's imagination, but it is a truth that is so far accepted by the English people that they will pay infinite respect to a prophet who believes in it himself and empties himself of his possessions. Messrs. Torrey and Alexander have so far realised this, at any rate, that they are advertised on the present tour as being unwilling to cause scandal by putting up at expensive hotels. What humility! What self-sacrifice! But how suggestive that the religion of these heroes did not teach them a year or two ago that the most luxurious hotel in London is not a suitable place of sojourn for an advocate of the Gospel of poverty, and that the change has been made only since they have learnt that the people of England, however easily imposed upon, will not put up with that sort of thing.

A Threat to Pray for Father Adderley

The fact is, that in England we are inclined to look askance at prophets of the type of Torrey and Alexander because we have so many men and women among us working, without advertisement, among the poor and oppressed, and willing to share their burdens. One such is Father Adderley, who preaches a type of Christianity not altogether acceptable to the majority of his countrymen, but who, at any rate, has given up for conscience sake, in order to work among the very poor, most of what Dr. Torrey apparently still holds so dear. Father Adderley, before the opening of the Albert Hall Mission, wrote an open letter to Dr. Torrey, in which, in a courteous and sympathetic manner, he made bold to suggest that the sufferings of the poor and the social injustice of which they are the victims at the hands of the rich, would be a more fitting subject for a crusade in Kensington than a puritanical prejudice against dancing and smoking and the rest. Dr. Torrey answered him, and one rubbed one's eyes, and asked whether the author of such a reply could hope any longer to be accepted as a competent exponent of the spirit of Christianity. His tone was peevish, arrogant, and ill-tempered. He kept on reiterating his belief in Father Adderley's basic sincerity, while striving all the time to exhibit him as insincere, and he finished up, by announcing his intention of praying for him, in a sentence that read more like a threat than a promise. Surely he had pricked the bubble of his reputation himself! But no! The British public has swallowed that letter, and many other unpleasant mouthfuls as well, and Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander embarked on their revivalist career. One can only hope that the kind of religion they practise, and, in a lesser degree, the kind of religion they preach, will, after all, take no very great hold of the people of London. There are already indications which seem to point to the realisation of that hope. Next week I shall give a true and faithful account of my experience at their meetings, and leave it to my readers to judge of their genuineness. A. H. M.

(*To be concluded*)

Photo by *Gale and Polden*

Comfort and Elegance on Board a Battleship: Admiral Sir William H. May's cabin on board H.M.S. "King Edward VII."

The popular impression that the quarters of our Naval officers are very cramped is true only in part. On a gunboat or small cruiser space has to be economised, but on a battleship the Admiral's quarters, as befits his rank, are more on the scale of the rooms in a well-appointed house

FROM ABROAD

View of the Ship Island (Skeppsholm), Stockholm, the headquarters of the Swedish Navy

The harbour, seen in the illustration, is the commercial hub of the city

Photos by **The railway bridge across the Riddarbjärden** *H. G. Archer*

This bridge leads to Knight's Island (Riddarholm), which is almost entirely occupied by public buildings. The Riddarholm Church, in the centre of the picture, is the burial place of the later Swedish Sovereigns

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL: VIEWS OF THE CITY OVER WHICH PRINCE GUSTAVUS OF SWEDEN AND HIS FIANCÉE, PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT, WILL ONE DAY REIGN

STOCKHOLM: A Lesson in Municipal Government

A public telephone in the streets of Stockholm

Stockholm may be termed a model city with regard to the manner in which the "City Fathers" look after the convenience and welfare of the people. It copes far more successfully than more imposing capitals with such questions as licensing laws, lighting, housing of the poor, while its telephone system, with call offices in all the public streets, is most elaborate

Picturesque Cairo: The Last Point of Call

Photos by

At Port Said Railway Station: Embarking for Cairo

Formerly passengers disembarked at Alexandria for Cairo, but most people n w choose the mail route, *viâ* Port Said

Campbell

Cook's landing stage at Cairo

One of the famous Cook flotilla of Nile excursion steamers is seen lying alongside

Photos by] **The railway station at Cairo** *[Campbell*

The Suez Canal Company are converting their tramway into a railway, and this will reduce the journey from Port Said to Cairo from 7½ to 5½ hours

Cairo: The verandah of the Savoy Hotel

The Savoy is situated in a quiet and fashionable quarter of the town, and is largely patronised by English people

Photo b] **"At Shepheard's"** [*Kerr*

Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, has a world-wide reputation, and although its *clientèle* is very cosmopolitan, it is patronised mostly by wealthy Americans. Its position is very central and modernity is the keynote of everything there

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MY PET ABOMINATION*

A SCATHING INDICTMENT OF THE TOBACCO HABIT

By
FREDERIC
HARRISON

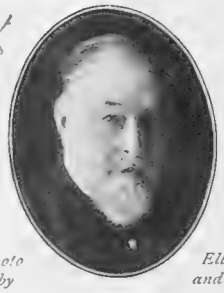


Photo by Elliott and Fry

Mr. Frederic Harrison has long been known as the leader in England of the Positivists or followers of the doctrines of Auguste Comte, and he is justly regarded as a leading authority in the paths of History, Science, and Philosophy.

When the other day "The Young Man" begged me to say how I had managed to retain my health and powers of work to what he called the advanced age of seventy-three, my reason was *imprimis*, by avoiding tobacco in all its forms. I was quite serious, for I am a determined Misonicotinist; one of the few men of the world who have never touched the filthy weed in his life; one who looks on smoking as a beastly disease, to be shunned on grounds, moral, social, æsthetic, medical, and sexual. The weed was first introduced into Europe at the Court of one of the most infamous women at an age of poisoners. In an old book of the time of Charles I., I find tobacco described as "the spirits' *incubus*, that begets many ugly and deformed phantasies in the brain." Nicotine is described by chemists as "highly poisonous, forming acrid and pungent salts." I would not have it supposed that my aversion to tobacco is solely due, or even mainly due, to its deleterious effect upon health. A sour friend of mine grumbles that it does not kill its votaries fast enough. Nor do I protest against excess in smoking merely. I protest against tobacco altogether as a degrading appetite, loathsome to most women and decent men, and unworthy of a gentleman.

The Selfishness of the Smoker

I sometimes tell my young friends that smoking is the only vice that inevitably annoys and injures the innocent neighbour. A man may be as vicious, as coarse, as gluttonous, as drunken as he likes to be, but he does no harm to others who do not choose to share his orgies. But your smoker infects everyone near him with the reek of his personal indulgence, and pollutes every place he enters with his stale fumes. The habitual smoker habitually stinks. His clothes, his hair, his breath, are foul; to some nostrils, quite sickening. The newspaper, the book, the letter he has touched have the malodorous taint. Woollen clothes, curtains, carpets, retain the stench for days; and stale tobacco fume is disgusting even to your habitual smoker. That it nauseates women and children, and not a few men, does not at all trouble your smoker. He finds it a source of pride and distinction. It is the only occasion on which men, otherwise well bred, care to obtrude themselves on general society when in a state that makes them perfectly offensive. A gentleman, who from violent exertion was bathed in sweat, would not calmly seat himself in a lady's drawing-room till he had taken a bath and changed his shirt; nor, if in the hunting field he had been pitched into a fetid ditch, would he sit down in his filthy state. But when the men "join the ladies" after a dinner party, when at the theatre the bell rings up the third act, the drawing room and the stalls reek with stale fumes. It is merely an insolent convention to pretend that people who do not smoke themselves do not dislike the stale fumes. To many women, and to some men, they are the most repulsive of all stinks.

The stock excuse for this license to be offensive to others is the cowardly reply that it is "commonly done." In the eighteenth century, it was "common enough" to be drunk in public. In the seventeenth century, it was *bon ton* to be debauched. Tournaments, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, prize-fights, masquerades, street-brawls, and other brutalities, once common and affected by gentlemen, have been condemned by our improved sense of decency, and have ceased to be fashionable. "Fashion" has been answerable for almost every vice and for many abominations. The test is not what smart people do, but what is due to others, and what is fitting for a gentleman. The question to be asked is, by what title do you gratify a corporeal appetite in a way that makes you offensive to people you come near? A cross old man in a non-smoking railway carriage was rudely addressed by some young sparks, as they lit their cigars: "You don't object to our smoking, sir?" "Oh!" said he, "you won't object to my vomiting?" Spitting in public, snuff, and sundry brutalities of the kind, are slowly dying out under improved standards of social decorum. But one appetite, it seems, has leave to be indulged in mixed society, whatever the personal nausea produced by it in others.

An Enemy to Social Life

The stock excuses that "everybody does it," that it is a "settled habit," are not true. Mr. Gladstone never smoked, and no one ever smoked in his presence. The same thing is true, I believe, of the late Lord Salisbury, and many very eminent men. At one of the most beautiful castles in these islands smoking is allowed to a "house party" only in a remote smoking-room. In my young days, gentlemen never smoked tobacco at a dinner table, in a theatre, at a ball, in any drawing-room, or, indeed, in public at all. Any such thing would have been treated as an outrage which ladies would resent. Nowadays, the dinner is hardly swallowed before the rooms are heavy with smoke; the party is broken up: after a few minutes of formality, the sexes are kept separate. At a house party in the country, at the theatre, even at a ball, the craving for nicotine poison divides the men from the women, the moment that freedom can be obtained with decency. Tobacco

*(Copyright in U.S.A. by the Author)

has destroyed the society of the sexes, more than ever alcohol did in the days of our great-grandfathers. It has corrupted and undermined even life in the family as well. Brothers and sisters, cousins and relatives of both sexes, may dwell under the same roof. They meet at meals, but before the repast is over, the sons and their male companions are itching to be off. They slink into their own quarters. The sisters and girls gossip, knit, play waltzes or bridge, talk chiffons or small scandal—and pretend that they like it so.

I am not going to say anything about the injury to health caused by tobacco. More men, to my knowledge, have died of nicotine than have died of drink. Over and over again I have seen young fellows troubled with heart and throat ailments from indulging in cigarettes. I knew a very eminent man who could not eat his dinner without smoking a cigarette between each course, and who fell asleep in bed with a lighted cigarette between his teeth. Naturally he died of it young. One of the most famous throat specialists told me that quite half the cancerous cases he treated were caused, or aggravated, by tobacco. He was himself an inveterate smoker, and spoke with a big Havannah in his mouth. He, too, died soon afterwards of the same complaint.

Smoking and the Ladies

You will say—these are cases of *excessive* smoking, and prove nothing as to *moderate* use of tobacco. Quite true: but my complaint is about the anti-social, anti-feminine, anti-human habit of smoking. It disgusts nearly all women, and hurts not a few men. When I have been forced to sit in a cloud of rancid tobacco for hours, I have had a headache for twenty-four hours, and my clothes offend me for forty-eight hours more. If men crave for the stimulus, let them take care to have it in private, and so as not to infect others. If fellows must smoke, let them retire into a remote smoking-den; wash, be shampooed, and change all their clothes, before they dare to mix in general society.

Of course, the smoking tribe will call me a milk-sop, an old "crank," with abnormal olfactories, and so forth. Well! I remember when I was a bowler to our eleven of "Non-smokers," we won in an innings; and no wonder. That is fifty-five years ago, but I can bowl a good ball still. I have been a member of the Alpine Club and two famous smoking clubs: and I founded one of them—not to smoke, but to talk. I have been about in London society and in London clubs any time these forty years. So far from being abnormal in my sense of smell, I will not deny that the scent of a very fine Havannah in the open air on a frosty night, smoked by a pleasant friend a few yards off me, is not so offensive. It is the nasty cigarette, the stinking pipe, the rotten garbage of cheap stuff, the stale, clammy reek where smoke has been every night, which is intolerable. If I am a "crank," I can only say that forty years ago, gentlemen, as a rule, must have been "cranks," for they used to regard a man who habitually smoked everywhere and anywhere, in mixed society, and in association with ladies, as a dirty brute. As to women smoking, I cannot bring myself to speak. I cannot get over the feeling that they are not as they should be. I will just end with the words of two illustrious men. William Morris wrote: "Tobacco seems to me a more dangerous intoxicant than liquors." John Ruskin scorns the men "who would put the filth of tobacco into the first breeze of a May morning." Yes! and into the golden curls of a child.

Next week, Mr. Humphrey Wallis will deal with the question of "The Back Blocks of a Great City"

The Imperial Palace at Tsarskoe Selo, to which the Tsar has retreated during the present revolution

The Palace, which is 18 miles south of St. Petersburg, has a frontage of 780 ft. The church is a miniature copy of St. Sophia at Constantinople. In spite of the many police and guards employed at the Palace, martial law has been proclaimed by the Tsar to ensure greater protection

Books to Appear Shortly

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of Professor Joseph Wright's great work on English dialects, started some ten years ago with the first pages of the "English Dialect Dictionary," and now nearing completion with the *English Dialect Grammar*. The work was begun none too soon, for our dialects are slowly, but surely, disappearing, and it will never again be possible to collect such a vast amount of trustworthy material as Dr. Wright and his helpers have gradually accumulated. A novel feature has been the gathering of hundreds of phonographic records of dialects in all parts of the kingdom. These Dr. Wright proposes—when they have served their original purpose—to present to some public library, or similar institution, to be preserved for the benefit of future generations. A hundred years hence, therefore, if anybody doubts a statement made in Dr. Wright's grammar, he will be able to turn on the phonograph and hear exactly what the dialect sounded like at the beginning of the twentieth century

It will surprise many people to know that the whole of the expense incurred in preparing and publishing both the Dictionary and Grammar has been borne by Dr. Wright himself, though it is true that he has been awarded a Civil List pension of £200 in consideration of his services to philology. They manage these things better on the Continent, where the State would long ago have covered the cost of such a work as this. It was the same with our "Dictionary of National Biography"—one of the most valuable works ever printed—which would never have been issued but for the public-spiritedness and liberality of the publisher, the late Mr. George Smith, for a work of that sort can never hope to pay its way. It is the same with the Great Oxford Dictionary, which we owe to similar generosity on the part of Oxford University. One interesting thing in connection with Professor Wright's undertaking is that his staff has consisted entirely of women, and that one of his most indispensable assistants has been his wife. The Grammar, apparently, is not to be the final work upon English dialects, for Dr. Wright has another big scheme on hand, which will occupy him for another two or three years. By this scheme he intends to get dialect grammars for all parts of the United Kingdom written by experts, and published, like the present work, at his own risk, through the medium of the Oxford University Press. "Then," said Dr. Wright not long ago, "it will be possible to write an ideal grammar of the English dialect, and afterwards to end my days where my heart is—in Yorkshire."

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe—another Yorkshireman whose heart is ever on his native moors—having given us an English idyll, in the shape of "A Bachelor in Arcady," and incidentally entered the bonds of matrimony himself, has returned to his strenuous manner of feud and adventure in his new romance, which will be published in book form by Mr. Werner Laurie, as soon as it has run its serial course in the weekly edition of the *Times*. *Red o' the Feud* is the title of the new tale, and, as in all his books, the witchery of rugged heath and wind-swept glen mingles with the stormy passions of the moorland men. Yet, through the need of battle, through the need of meeting wind and weather in the open, there runs—as in "Through Sorrow's Gates"—the certainty that peace comes to the strong folk in the end.

The Confessions of Lord Byron, which Mr. Murray announces, is a rather misleading title. One immediately thinks of the many turned-down leaves in the poet's life, and anticipates something on the lines of those naked "confessions" of Rousseau—with whom, among many other famous people, Lord Byron saw himself compared. Mr. Murray's forthcoming book, however, is nothing of the sort; but a collection of Byron's private opinions of men and matters, taken from the new edition of his "Letters and Journals." The selection has been made by Mr. W. A. Lewis Bettany, editor of "Johnson's Table-Talk," and has been arranged so as to show the gradual development of the poet's ideas about religion, the drama, literature and literary leaders, his dearest friends, and about his own personality—"though what that is," as he once admitted, "is more than I know, or anybody else."

Books to Order at Once

GENERAL LITERATURE

The Burden of the Balkans. By Miss H. E. Durham. An account of the author's visit to Macedonia as Relief Agent for the Balkan Committee. Illustrated. (Arnold: 14*s.* net.)

Dames and Daughters of the French Court. By Geraldine Brooks. A series of sketches of women who made the Court of France famous—Mesdames De Sévigné, Récamier, De La Fayette, Le Brun, Roland, and others. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin: 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

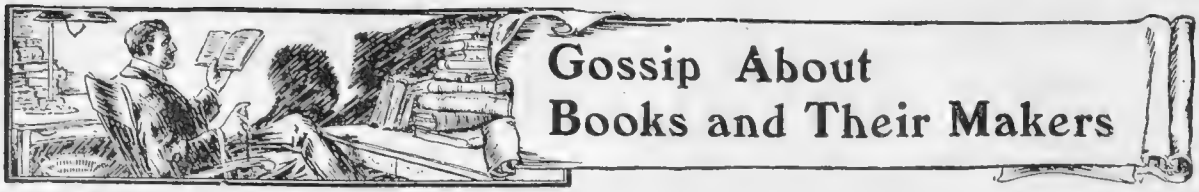
Makers of Modern History—Napoleon III., Cavour, Bismarck. By the Hon. Edward Cadogan. (Murray: 8*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

Barham of Beltana. By W. E. Norris. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

By Beach and Bogland: Stories of Irish Peasant Life. By Jane Barlow. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

A Lindsay's Love: A Tale of the Tuileries and the Siege of Paris. By Charles Lowe. (Werner Laurie: 6*s.*)



Gossip About Books and Their Makers

"Brother Novelists"

From time to time I publish portraits of well-known "literary couples," as it is quite a remarkable feature of the literary world of our day that so many married couples are engaged in the craft of letters, and I have, so to say, a good many more up my sleeve—far more than a certain literary journal, which has profited (unacknowledged) by my notes, suspects. But it has occurred to me that there is another interesting feature of the personal side of contemporary literature in the number of writers who are literally "brother novelists." In France there have been many brothers who have worked together in literature. The De Goncourts of the past, and Paul and Victor Marguerite of the present, are names that will come to the memory instantly. But English writers do not seem to have taken so kindly as the French to collaboration—in fiction at all events—and seldom have we had brothers working together on the same novel. Novel-writing, however, is infectious, and seems to attack whole families. Perhaps some of my readers are not aware that Mr. Rider Haggard is only one of three brothers who are novelists. Colonel Andrew Haggard, who has had a distinguished military career, is two years older than the author of "She," and, during the last twenty years, he has written many works of travel, biography, and fiction, as well as verse. "Hannibal's Daughter" is, perhaps, his best-known novel. The youngest of the brothers is Major E. A. Haggard, who has written chiefly over the pseudonym of "Arthur Amyand," and whose novels, as becomes a soldier, are all about military life. Mr. Robert Barr has a brother, James, who, as "Angus Evan Abbot," has published several novels of a light kind. Mr. Silas Hocking and his younger brother, Joseph, are among the most popular novelists of the day, though it is not so commonly known that their sister, Salome, has written some excellent little books, and a particularly clever one, just published by Mr. A. C. Fifield, entitled "Belinda the Backward." Mr. Quiller Couch has no brother who is a novelist, but he has two sisters, Mabel and Lillian, who have both to their credit works so good that they need no reflected glory from their brother's name. Mr. Israel Zangwill's brother, Louis ("Z. Z."), has done so well in fiction that one could wish he would write more than he does—a rare complaint to urge against a modern novelist. Mr. Barry Pain, also, has a younger brother, Wellesley, who has produced some bright little stories, and, doubtless, there are many other cases of this kind which do not occur to me at the moment.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. E. F. Benson

Author of "Dodo," whose new novel, "An Act in a Backwater," has been published recently

The Benson Brothers

But I have not yet mentioned what is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all the "modern instances" of literary activity in one family. The reader who takes no very keen interest in literary personalities might well be excused if he got befogged in attempts to differentiate between the three brilliant sons of the late Archbishop Benson, all of whom are authors. The best known, in the popular sense, is the creator of "Dodo," and, perhaps, most of my readers may be supposed to know that he is Mr. E. F. Benson. But his brothers, Arthur and Robert, have also come forward as authors, and one can imagine a good deal of confusion in the public mind as to which of the gifted trio one may be for the moment bearing company. Mr. A. C. Benson is the oldest, and to him fell the writing of his father's life in 1899. His work has been mainly in poetry and biography, though he has written at least two books of fiction, as different from those of Mr. E. F. Benson as they well could be. "The Isles of Sunset," which appeared last year, was a collection of short stories, very similar in style and motive to "The Hill of Trouble," which was published the year before. That is to say, they indicate that Mr. A. C. Benson, as a fictionist, belongs to the symbolists, and as such will never run the risk of a popular success. I, for one, confess that I am not always quite sure what his symbols may imply! As a critic, however, he does not leave us in doubt, and his little book on Tennyson is very frank, while his Rossetti monograph, in the "English Men of Letters" series, is in every way an admirable piece of work, restrained but sympathetic, though he is, perhaps, too much of a puritan to be absolutely in harmony with his subject. As a poet, he shows sweetness and scholarly treatment rather than the glow of lyrical inspiration. Mr. A. C. Benson was an Eton master from 1885 to 1903, and one has often heard him

mentioned as "the future Headmaster." He is at present engaged, together with Lord Esher, in editing the correspondence of Queen Victoria. Like his brothers, he is a great athlete, and stands six feet three inches.

The Author of "Dodo"

Since he made his great hit with "Dodo" in 1893, Mr. E. F. Benson has written many other novels, some of which have been better than that much discussed, but frothily clever book, and others that have not been even so good. Indeed, there is only one thing that we may rely upon from Mr. E. F. Benson—cleverness. He is curiously unequal in his work, but clever always. The satirist of "Smart Society," one feels that he does not merely choose his themes because they are piquant, but from a genuine impulse to lay bare the shams and follies of modern social life. He is almost alone in his ability to construct the most life-like, yet witty and essential, dialogue, which moves his story forward, a point upon which critics should insist, as so much that passes for clever dialogue in our society novels is mere drivel that retards rather than advances the narrative. His latest book, "An Act in a Backwater," discloses a new vein. It is a charming little love-story, bright and unconventional. His caustic study of New York, in "The Relentless City," struck me as one of his best performances, just as "The Valkyries" was about his worst. Mr. Benson has frequently protested that none of his novels contain actual portraiture, though all his characters are in some measure based on people he has encountered. Mrs. Asquith was widely identified as the original of "Dodo," but, as a matter of fact, the novelist had written half of his book before he met Miss Margaret Tennant, as she then was. Mr. Benson lives at Winchester, and is an enthusiastic golfer. His elder brother, Mr. R. H. Benson, has also written a novel, "By What Authority?" which Messrs. Isbister published recently, but I am not familiar with his literary work, though I believe this new book has been well received.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. A. C. Benson

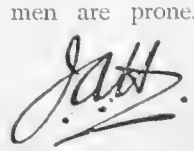
Brother of Mr. E. F. Benson, who is engaged, with Lord Esher, in editing the correspondence of Queen Victoria

The Seamy Side

I was talking with an eminent literary man the other day, whose position lays him peculiarly open to the assaults of those needy adventurers who hang upon the skirts of journalism and literature. He told me many surprising stories, which I may not repeat. But in my small way, I have had many experiences which do not go to increase my belief in the dignity of the profession of letters. If one could only state the facts about many a name that is not unfamiliar, a very dark picture of the seamy side would be the result. This I have learned by bitter experience: that he who strives to help all who seem to be deserving is, more often than not, raising up an enemy. Not long ago I paid for a night's lodging and food for a once prosperous journalist with whom I was associated years ago, and whom I found destitute in London. This was a simple and common case—drink. But there's worse than drink. I helped another writer some time ago to the best of my power, and only desisted when the worthy came to my house with a proposal to billet himself on me for a few days. He then went away in wrath, and for weeks treated me to all sorts of epistolary threats. Another person who pestered me for years, and whom I did a good deal to help, to my own sorrow, had, as I happened to discover, when in his deepest poverty, a commission for literary work at five guineas a thousand words, which, I blush to say, is more than I have ever received!

Some Bad Cases

A fourth came to me with the warmest commendation from a prominent minister, and got me to arrange for some of his work to be taken by a certain periodical, and to give him a loan on the strength of this. Since when I have never set eyes on him. An author of very distinct ability, whose work has appeared in some of our leading periodicals, and who is at present in an editorial post, seems to be in the debt of every literary man he has ever met, and has been owing me for nearly a year the cost of burying his poor wife! Truly, it is heart-breaking to cast over in one's mind the pitiful figures with whom journalism has brought one into touch. Drink is not the cause of their misery; it is something that rots still deeper; it is "fecklessness," though in every case drink is a circumstance. I know of a popular author who was stuck in a removal until he got an advance on a book; another who had recently to borrow five pounds to take his family to a new home in the country, where he must now be incurring debts far beyond his power to pay. This has always been a weakness of the writing fraternity—living in grand style and inducing domestic misery by inability to meet one's creditors. Even Thackeray was not exempt from it; Balzac, Dumas, and many famous Frenchmen, give our own improvidents, from Goldsmith downwards, points at the sorry game. It is a failing which arises, I fancy, from an exaggerated idea of the money-making capacity of their pens, to which so many literary men are prone. Almost without exception, women-writers have shown more sense in the management of their finances than have their brethren of the pen.



CONCERNING MR. LLOYD-GEORGE

(NO. 66 OF THE SERIES)

The most astonishing thing about a man who is full of surprises is that they had him educated at a Church school. "They" were an uncle, not having the gift of prophecy, whose mind it never crossed that little David might one day be leading the Opposition in Parliament against an unscrupulous conspiracy of the clerical party (we hope we have the language correctly), and carrying, as it were, into the enemy's camp all the information as to Church-school methods with which his childhood furnished him. Yet it was in his blood. His father was a Unitarian and a schoolmaster, and most of his early life was passed in the odour of Disestablishment among the people of Carnarvon. Yet on his tomb it may be written, "Manchester me genuit." This happened in 1863, and it is not quite clear how much of his babyhood was spent in the cotton capital. Probably but a short time; for when he was left fatherless and transferred to Llanystumdwy, he was young enough to acquire a second native tongue. Judges of the article declare that his speeches in Welsh are better than those in English. If his Welsh goes down any better with his audiences in the Principality than his English does with our people, it must be very good indeed; for he is famous here for being always interesting, pointed, combative and clever, and for being one of the few who can freely and easily rise to an oratorical height. He has the talent for persuasion, and the natural advantage of a voice that charms the ear.

The Rupert of Debate

Professionally, Mr. Lloyd-George belongs to a class which humanity has agreed to treat with caution: that of the country lawyers. His firm had, and has, a fine practice in the part of the world he comes from, and much of it is of his own building up. But the creating of a legal practice out of nothing was an easy task to that which he suddenly took up in 1890, when a vacancy came about in the Carnarvon Boroughs. It was considered a safe Conservative seat, and the county families were against him in full force. The majority was eighteen for the Gladstonian candidate.

His first speech was a spirited protest against the appointment in Welsh county-courts of judges who could not speak the language. In those times he was a little wild, and he has known suspension—in Committee on the Agricultural Rating Bill it was. Nowadays all that is out of sight. The Education question (which he happened to know all about) has given him ballast. Mr. Lloyd-George has developed a very fine and fruity Front Bench style. He has taken the step, indispensable to a public career, of becoming a golf-fiend. His whole appearance has changed, and from all points of view he will be a credit to whichever Department it may be that falls to him in the next Liberal Ministry, arrangements for which have been so long in progress.

But he has not lost his fire or his charm; above all, he retains his humour, which we trust he will never lose. There is another quality, too, that he will always need to keep unrusted—the quality alluded to by Mr. Lulu Harcourt when he said, at a Lloyd-George dinner, that the guest "possessed what the late Mr. Gladstone used to call a quality rare among Parliamentarians: courage." That is what has really made him. He is one of the few men in the House who can stand up to Mr. Chamberlain. He risked his life, in all probability, when, in his pro-Boer days, he went to speak in Birmingham, and had to dodge the mob in a policeman's uniform. At forty-one, he is one of the first men in the House of Commons, and one scarcely sees what is going to keep him back.

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter III.—ASCENDING THE MATTERHORN

"The Guide-Book was right, I ought to have taken the train"

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Hayden Coffin as Florestan de Valincourt

Mr. Coffin recently left the cast of *The Cingalee*, at Daly's, to take up the above rôle in *Veronique*, at the Apollo

Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

Mme. Alice Esty

The famous prima donna, who is now singing in the Miserere Scene from *Il Trovatore*, at the Coliseum

FOUR
STUDIES
OF
Mr. WILL
BISHOP'S
GOLLIWOG
DANCE
AT THE
COLI-
SEUM

Photos by *Campbell-Gray*

OUR SHORT STORY

By BARONESS MAX VON BOESELAGER

He was sitting smoking in the *Grosse Garten* when it came fluttering helplessly along the well-kept path towards him. It might have been a stray snowflake, but as it was June he took it to be a white feather blown from the Royal Swannery close by, until it stopped at his feet confidingly and besought his further inspection.

Then he noticed that it was a small muslin square, edged with twice its own width of fine Brussels lace—a lady's handkerchief, in fact, presumably for wear, not use.

He turned it over with his stick, and asked:

"Whom do you belong to, pray?"

It fluttered back a yard, as if hurt by the contact with the malacca cane, then advanced again, though rather diffidently.

"No thanks," he said. "I'm not going to a funeral, neither am I suffering from a cold in the head."

But it still hovered round, pleading his protection, and when a puff of wind wrapped it across his ankle he had perforce to stoop and pick it up. As he did so a very faint suggestion of perfume reached him—so faint he hardly associated it with the fragile thing he now held in his hand to examine.

"A beautiful bit of lace, and here is the owner's initial, T.—Titania, without a doubt. I will leave it at the custodian's lodge, and the fairies will claim it before dawn," he thought.

Putting it into his breast coat pocket, he strolled slowly down the flower walk towards the entrance.

The air was full of the warm scent of syringa, acacia blossom, and new-mown grass, but besides the usual garden fragrance there seemed some new sweetness abroad to-day, and more than once he stopped to smell some flowering shrub on his way.

None explained the perfume satisfactorily, however, and he was still puzzling over the matter when he found he had passed the Lodge and was in the main street. It did not seem worth while to turn back now; the pavement was at white heat, and it was luncheon time. Moreover, Eva, his fiancée, awaited him at the hotel, and not the least prominent of her virtues was punctuality.

. . . . . .

"I can't make out where this strong scent comes from," she said, sniffing in the air, as they sat in the balcony waiting for the coffee. "Surely, dear, you don't use scent?"

The tone of her voice seemed to imply that the ultimate motive of their engagement depended on his answer, and he felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"No, of course not—you ought to know me better than that, Eva. But there *is* a queer scent about, certainly. I met it in the gardens this morning."

She looked a trifle suspicious, and as he pulled out his cigar case a tiny lace handkerchief fell from his pocket.

"And *it* gave you *that*, I suppose," she said, rising abruptly.

"Nonsense, Eva; sit down. I found this in the flower walk."

"Well, you might have left it there. One could run a drag with it."

"By jove," he said, picking up the offending object, "it *is* pretty pungent; but I could swear it had no smell when first I found it. Still it is a very uncommon perfume."

"Thank goodness," murmured his fiancée.

Then ensued the usual half-hour of feminine doubt and manly reassurance, and when they parted, he promised to take the handkerchief back to the Lodge at once.

As he passed the hotel grounds, he noticed a hammock under the lime trees, and, pitying its emptiness, bestowed himself therein, and lit a pipe. But through the fragrant limes, and the still more fragrant "Ardath," crept the indefinable perfume of

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the handkerchief in his breast pocket. He racked his brains to give it some name or origin, for he had a conviction it was the distillation of a single flower or herb—not a combination of essences. It was evidently one of those non-evanescent preparations which revive when subjected to warmth, and seem to borrow life from the wearer. And this led him to ponder who the owner might be, and so pondering, his pipe fell from his mouth and he fell asleep. But the handkerchief went with him, and his dreams were redolent thereof.

He dreamt he was standing outside a certain old-fashioned mansion in the *Rossgasse*, one which he had several times passed, and which he knew to be the town house of a certain Silurian magnate. The door was a small one, cut in the centre of a ponderous *porte cochère*, and he pulled the spray of wrought-iron roses (which served as a bell-wire) three times.

The third time he woke with a start, to find the waiter standing before him, and, still dreaming, asked:

"Is she at home?"

"Ze carriage is already twenty minute before ze door, and Mees she wait."

He sprang from the hammock. It was half-past five, and he had promised to drive with Eva to the Orangerie at five.

. . . . . .

The thermometer had been at ninety in the shade all day, but that his fiancée was about two below zero during the drive was unmistakable. Yet, being a guileless fool, he attributed this to the fact of his having kept her waiting twenty minutes, for, as I mentioned before, Eva was punctual; and it was only when he turned twice to look at an attractive woman driving in a smart turn-out that the truth dawned, or rather broke, upon him.

"If you can't bring yourself to part with that redolent rag, would you mind driving on the box?" remarked Eva, introducing a neat hemstitched one to her nose.

"Oh—Good Lord! I forgot all about it, I fell asleep in the hammock, you know. Is it as bad as all that?"

"Much worse," she murmured.

"Well, here we are at the corner of the *Rossgasse*. Put me out, and I will cut across to the Lodge, and get rid of it at once. See you in half an hour, dearest."

Dearest gave a sniff of relief. I have seen the same action on the part of passengers emerging from the "Tuppenny Tube."

"Mind, be punctual; we dine at 7.30," she warned him as she drove on.

He hurried down the *Rossgasse*, and had just reached the corner, when a victoria with two chestnut horses passed close to him and clattered through the *porte cochère* of a house on his left. As he stepped back to let it pass in, he recognised the attractive woman he had noticed driving in the Orangerie, and he also recognised, in another sense, the owner of the scented kerchief.

It was faint, but *it* was the same, undoubtedly, and it suddenly struck him what a wicked thing it would be to hand over the handkerchief to anyone but its rightful owner—no doubt the certainly underpaid and probably unscrupulous lodge-keeper sold all lost property worth more than fifty pfennige.

When the heavy doors closed on the carriage, he found himself standing staring at a graceful spray of wrought-iron roses suspended from above.

. . . . . .

When he reached the hotel again, the clock in the Altmarkt was proclaiming nine. He stumbled up to the sitting-room, and was confronted by Eva on the landing. She was very pale, and did not speak to him, but went into her own room, shutting the door after her gently, so gently that he thought it was only closed, and followed her—only to hear the key turned in the lock. Then he went into the sitting-room, where Eva's aunt and chaperone was sitting reading the *Morning Post* of the day before yesterday. She took off her spectacles to look at him, which evidently inferred that she did not wish to see him. And her eyes struck him as two very cold, candid opinions.

"I'm afraid I'm awfully late," he began.

"Only two hours," she answered.

"Is Eva put out?"

"It is not beyond the bounds of possibility."

"She makes too much point of punctuality," he said, feebly. "One does not care to be tied to meals this weather."

"Apparently, meals are not the only things you do not care to be tied to—but my niece will, perhaps, do the untying herself to-morrow morning."

When he went to bed, he took a little lace handkerchief from his breast pocket, and dropped it deliberately into a basin of hot water. In an instant the room was invaded by a subtle odour, which grew momentarily more distinct, more delicious, more demoralising. He flung himself upon the bed, then rushed to the door, but, changing his mind, staggered to the window and flung it open. Drawing in a long breath of cool night-air, he returned to the wash-hand stand, and began to wash the handkerchief as if his life depended on it. He scrubbed it with the opopanax provided by the hotel, and lathered it with his own shaving soap; he rinsed it in all the cold water available and wrung it out, tossing it over a chairback by the window to dry.

It looked rather a pitiable little object hanging there; it had never received such a severe washing in its life, and it felt it would never survive such another. He did not look at it long, but, after addressing an envelope and giving Eva his penultimate thought, turned into bed and slept the exhausted sleep of the really righteous.

. . . . . .

And the morning sun rising brightly over Kleeburg, shone through the open window and comforted the little, limp, damp handkerchief with his kisses, and drew forth a sweet and tender perfume, which even the cruel soap and hard water of the previous night had failed to exterminate. So that when the sleeper awoke he was greeted by a gentle exhalation, which seemingly drove him to madness. He flung on his clothes, muttering, "I must bury it, or drown it, and leave by the next train."

Then, seizing the little handkerchief, which was quite dry and warm, he stuffed it into his pocket and hurried downstairs. With each step he took, a

"I can't make out where this strong scent comes from," she said, sniffing in the air

stronger breath of scent assailed him; something seemed to be thundering against his will, throbbing at the door of his brain, and a voice like his own seemed to bid it "come in."

He felt it would overpower him before he could reach the hall door—and what was that in the way? A pile of luggage, marked "E. M.," occupied the centre of the hall, and at the manager's office stood Eva in travelling costume. Her aunt and the maid were already in the omnibus before the door.

"Eva," he shouted, "don't go away. For Heaven's sake, don't go."

She turned and faced him.

"I was just leaving a note to explain, and . . . and release," she said, rather unsteadily.

"If you go, I'm a lost man," he cried, catching at her arm. "I am mesmerised—I am powerless—don't leave me behind—give me a word," he gasped, drawing her into an ante-room. "Will you ever forgive me? Can't you?"

"Never," she answered indecisively, sinking into a chair and covering her pretty face in her hands.

He noticed the diamond and ruby engagement ring was gone.

"O sweetheart," he cried, in an access of remorse, "what *have* I done?"

He ought to have known, but he certainly did not know what he was doing, for, without thinking, he pulled out a small lace handkerchief, and, kneeling beside her, began to dry her tears therewith.

But she was so utterly and completely miserable that she never even noticed the handkerchief, or the scent, but drenched it through and through with broken-hearted tears. And as they fell upon it, its evil spirit was exorcised; that is to say, its sweet spirit evaporated, for the tears of true love can wash away many things that soap and sunlight cannot.

So it fell unheeded and harmless to the ground, while they departed to catch the Northern Express, and the Boots found it half an hour later, and presented it to his fancy below stairs—honest fellow.

But to this day Kleeburg is not a place of fragrant memory, either to Eva or her husband.

Baroness Max von Boeselager.

MATTERS MUSICAL

Dr. Strauss's Domesticities

The matter which has been of all-absorbing interest in musical circles for the last few days is the production of Richard Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica." Crowds of people, duly impressed by the news of unprecedented numbers of rehearsals, which derived an added solemnity from being called "sectional," flocked to Queen's Hall to hear the first performance of this prodigious work. Several instruments had been specially made, and outside aid had been invoked from many players. In fact, no trouble had been spared in order that Dr. Strauss's latest composition should be heard under the most favourable conditions. And it was so heard, for the Queen's Hall Orchestra has certainly never been in better form. And yet, I for one could not help thinking that the amount of preparation and effort required were not justified by the result.

Phot *Elliott and Fry*

Dr. Richard Strauss

The recent production of whose "Symphonia Domestica" has raised a storm of criticism

Ingenious, but Obscure

Whether one takes Dr. Strauss seriously or not, all will agree that the work is a stupendous one. It is pieced together with a wonderful, indeed microscopical, accuracy, and then ruthlessly obscured with as marvellous an ingenuity; almost as though an artist had painted a picture perfectly arranged in every detail, and, at its completion, ordained that no one should view it except through thickened glass, which would effectually obscure its features. That is to say, the themes introduced are usually interesting, and often noble in inspiration, but the task of following their development is rendered almost impossible owing to the diabolical bursts of noise which recur with annoying frequency. This is if one takes the composer seriously. If, on the other hand, one regards the whole affair as an elaborate joke—which appears to me a legitimate point of view—it must be confessed that it is a jest not in the best of taste. In that case it is deplorable to see such excellent material so basely used, and so much clever thought taken for the purposed confusion of the listener. In a word, it is a production to marvel at on paper, but it has everything to lose from actual performance. As I rode a tilt against the analytical programme the other week, it is only fair to compliment Messrs. Pitt and Kalisch on their excellent analysis of the symphony, without which it is difficult to see how the most intelligent could have attempted to follow it.

Pianist-Composers

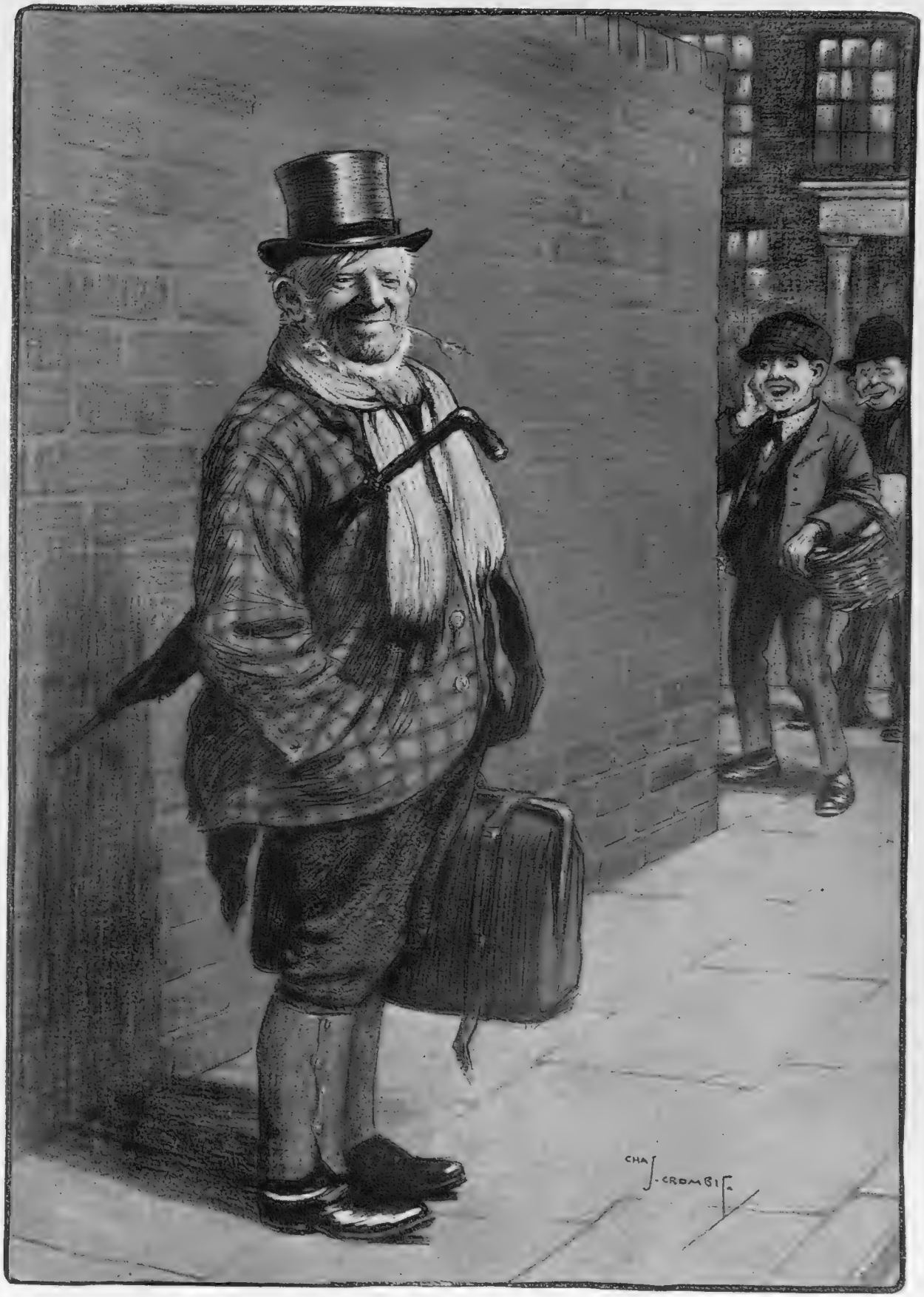
It is quite the fashion nowadays for pianists to play compositions of their own at their recitals, and, meditating on the poor quality of some of these to which we have been treated recently, I sought to apply the theory that famous pianists are not as a rule a great success as composers. This is, however, by no means the case, as the works of Liszt, Chopin, Rubinstein, and a dozen others, bear ample testimony. With the increased facilities of the present day, so many players who, under less favourable conditions, would probably not have risen above mediocrity, achieve an excellent execution, and, indeed, this is demanded of them if they would succeed, so critical have modern audiences become. So it may be that the composer's talent, with which all true musicians are endowed in greater or less degree, but which is inborn rather than the result of cultivation, remains as ever with the favoured few, so that the many, though they excel in virtuosity, cannot hope to compose with any great success, since they have not the root of the matter in them. This, by the way, would explain the number of players one hears, marvellous in technique, but apparently lacking in that comprehension which is necessary to a satisfactory interpretation of any music worthy the name.

Manners for the Many

The wise must have smiled when they saw the announcement of Mr. Chas. Williams' concerts. 8.45 is suspiciously late for a concert to begin, and one's smile was apt to change to a frown when it was close upon eleven before the first two concerts concluded, notwithstanding the promise that we should be released by 10.30. This is, to put it mildly, a breach of good manners on the part of the management. Why not commence the next concert at 8.15, and then we should be able to depart in peace by half-past ten. It was, no doubt, thought that by fixing the hour considerably later than usual, those people who find a difficulty in arriving by eight would be given an opportunity of assembling in time for once. That they failed to take advantage of this was proof that the late arrival will always be content to come late, which in itself is impolite to the performer and the rest of the audience. Last week there was a most annoying wait in the middle of the first symphony, while late-comers rustled into their places.

H. F.

HEARD AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL



A MYSTERY

"Aye, but these Lunnon lads be wunnerful sharp; now, 'ow did they know as 'ow I coom from the country?"

CAMPAIGN BY PICTORIAL POSTER

This week the Anti-Tea-Duty League, founded by British Tea Planters of India and Ceylon, under the Presidentship of Sir West Ridgeway, late Governor of Ceylon, inaugurated an active campaign by spreading no less than 8,000 posters over the hoardings of London county. These posters, of which the above is a specimen, have been designed by some of the leading black-and-white artists of the day

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The East Sussex

For the greater part of its existence, in its present form, the East Sussex Hunt has been in the happy position of having local Masters, the names of Brassey, Egerton, and Ashburnham, having been closely associated with its direction. Between 1893 and 1899, however, hounds were hunted by two gentlemen who were comparative strangers to Sussex, though, in each case, eminent talents of huntsmanship atoned for merely residential qualifications. Mr. P. G. Barthropp had already hunted the Essex and Suffolk country, while Mr. J. C. Munro has, since his departure from the south coast, earned high distinction in the Atherstone country. The huntsman, George Morgan, whipped-in and managed the kennels for Mr. Frewen twenty-five years ago, while other well-known names of professional ability on the Hunt's records are those of Fred Gosden, senior, and William Orvis. The country is certainly one which calls for no little skill if its stout foxes are to be accounted for in satisfactory numbers, for woodlands predominate throughout; still there is a good deal of grass between the coverts, and it generally carries a useful scent. Prior to 1843, what was termed the East Sussex Hunt embraced all the present Southdown and Eastbourne countries; indeed, from an anouncement in a periodical of 1822 one gathers that the principal area of operations was the vicinity of Lewes, since kennels were then being erected at Ringmer. The pack is now in commodious quarters, built by Lord Brassey in 1882, at Catsfield, about two miles from Battle, and hounds are out five days a fortnight.

More Vacancies

Mr. C. B. E. Wright, who, it is feared, will withdraw from the Old Berkshire Mastership at the end of the season, can not only claim to be one of the most successful veterans of amateur huntsmen, but is one of the greatest living authorities on the breeding of foxhounds. Nearly thirty years ago Mr. Wright took over the Badsworth country, where he showed the best of sport for sixteen seasons. Then came a period of (for Mr. Wright) comparative inactivity, though in the interval before becoming honorary huntsman of Mr. Fitzwilliam's pack, he had a private pack with which he hunted part of the Southwold country in Lincolnshire. A rare hand at killing woodland foxes, Mr. Wright found himself thoroughly at home at Milton; but, in 1901, he went to the Old Berkshire, where his retirement is much regretted. Then the resuscitated North Cornwall Hunt is losing Mr. J. J. Muir, after only two seasons' experience of a rough but sporting territory, which includes part of the delightful Bodmin Moors. It is hoped that Mr. Bertram Hardy, of Bodmin, at present the honorary huntsman, will now assume higher responsibilities. The Bexhill Harrier country is now declared vacant, it having been, presumably, found impossible to raise the sum

Photo exclusive to *The Bystander*

With the East Sussex Foxhounds: On the way to Pedley

With the E.S.F.H.: Hon. T. A. Brassey, the Master of the meet, at Battle

With the E.S.F.H.: Mr. Egerton, the late Master of the Hunt

which was required to retain the outgoing Master's services. The amenities of the position, however, are so manifold that there ought to be little difficulty in finding a successor.

Early Puppy Shows

One would hardly think it possible that the judging of young hounds sent in from quarters could take place in February; yet such is the case with many west country packs. The Four Burrow and Dartmoor Puppy Shows have already been held two or three weeks ago, and a similar practice has always obtained in the South Devon country. The system prescribes that all the puppies should be brought in on the same day, those that are sent previously being disqualified from honours; and in most cases the walkers themselves exhibit their charges, with a collar and chain (on the hounds, of course, not the exhibitors). One great advantage of the idea is that the best-walked

Photos exclusive to With the East Sussex Foxhounds: The hounds at work in Battle Big Wood [*The Bystander*

puppies obtain the prizes, not those who, thanks to the huntsman's care, have developed into the handsomest hounds three or four months after re-entering the kennels. On the other hand, the walker of the late puppies is manifestly at a serious disadvantage, for a July whelp can hardly compete with one born in the preceding January or February. In the course of some remarks the other day, at the Dartmoor ceremony, Mr. Coryton even went further, observing that late puppies seldom did much good in the long run. This, however, is not endorsed by general experience, and is, to some extent, controverted by the champion prize being won at Peterborough by an eleven-months-old dog hound very recently.

The Pau Hunt: Lieut. Largeolet, a keen follower, on his thoroughbred mare

The Pau Hunt

The existence of a pack of foxhounds at Pau is a fine example of the innate love of sport which characterises the Anglo-Saxon race; and if, at some future date, the chronicles of the Hunt be forthcoming, the history of its early days should be highly interesting; for the natives must have viewed the new venture with mingled feelings. At present the Hunt is in a most prosperous condition, with Mr. C. H. Ridgway and Mr. J. H. Wright in joint command, and a staff of English professionals engaged at the kennels, the huntsman being W. Smethurst, presumably a member of the Cheshire family that has turned out more than one hunt servant of merit. With sixty couple of hounds in kennel, and a considerable tract of desirable country, four days in the week see the pack at work, and no visitor whose tastes are that way inclined can return from a sojourn at Pau without bringing back with him pleasant memories of gallops over the lowlands to the far distant hills with a stout Bearnese fox in front of the flying pack. The interest of a day with the Pau Hounds is not lessened by the frequent aberrations from the recognised style of costume displayed by some of the local members, some of whom one cannot help thinking must be very keen indeed.

Fording a Stream with the Pau Hunt: The premier pack of foxhounds on the Continent

Photos (y) The Pau Hunt: Mr. Ridgway *Cecil*
Joint Master with Mr. J. H. Wright

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Question of an Association

As I thought would prove to be the case, the supposed agitation for an association has come to nothing. The supporters of that idea, one so beautiful and perfect in theory, but so utterly impracticable in fact, have failed to come forward with any plan whatever. If there existed such seething discontent with St. Andrews, as alleged by our contemporary, *Golfing*, surely there would have been an eager rush of partisans anxious to participate in the discussion initiated by Mr. Horace Hutchinson in *Golf Illustrated*. But, beyond his article, and that of the editor and of myself, in all of which the idea of establishing an association was strongly deprecated, nothing has appeared on the subject, nor has any associationist come forward to disturb the impression formed by most of us that the agitation had no solid backing. I would, therefore, strongly counsel all those who are sincerely anxious for reform to take the rule of St. Andrews as an accepted fact, and to devote their energies, not to formulating impracticable rival schemes of government, but to improving and perfecting the form of government to which the golfing world has by tacit consent so long adhered. After all, beyond the making and expounding of the rules, there is very little else at present that the Royal and Ancient Club are called upon to do. The arrangements for the two Championships are admirably managed by the delegates of the various clubs entrusted with the task, and when the question of International matches, outside the United Kingdom, crystallises into more definite shape, it will be quite easy for the great clubs to form some body, analogous to that which deals with the Championships, for regulating International events.

Less Legislation

As far as the rules are concerned, what we want is not more legislation, but less. The Rules of Golf Committee seem to me to have fallen into the very pardonable error of trying to please everybody by endeavouring to make the rules cover all sorts and conditions of cases. Some of the points sent solemnly up for elucidation are so ridiculous that one wonders at the ignorance on the part of the senders, and the patience on the part of the answering committee. But the trend of all these multifarious and petty questions goes to show that the rules are not understood, and this arises, very possibly, from their length and complexity, and from the frequency with which the words, "Except as otherwise provided for in the Rules," occur in our present code. All exceptions to a rule should, I think, be clearly stated in that rule, and the enquirer should not be forced, when called upon at a critical moment for a decision, to hunt through the whole body of the rules to discover what the exceptions may be.

Wanted— A Simpler Code

A shorter and simpler code should not be beyond the ingenuity of the powers that be, and I expect that on the next complete revision of the rules, this will be the aim of the revisers. A broad, yet concise code laying down the main principles of the match and scoring game, and relegating all points arising from local features of various links to the decision of the various clubs by means of their local rules, would satisfy all requirements. I do not believe that it is incumbent on St. Andrews to attempt the herculean task of providing a set of local rules suitable to the clubs and links of all the world. Each separate club must be left to deal with its own peculiar difficulties. It is perfectly easy for any golfer coming to a strange course to master, in a few moments, the local rules which differentiate the game from that which he plays on his own links. But, in any revision of the rules, I trust the revisers will bear in mind that we require rules in logical conformity with one another, and I hope we shall not be confronted with such illogical solutions of knotty problems as the one dealing with the question of casual water, which is a grievous blot in the present code.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Between the Dances

[*The Englishman frequently makes us want to box his ears with his comfortable conviction that we are really interested in the fluctuations of the rainfall in the past week—his only idea of conversation. . . . During the time that he converses with you, his attention, unless he is in love with you, perpetually wanders.* —LADIES' FIELD.]

"Er—isn't the weather delightful?"
(There's Betty—how ripping she looks!
Just my luck that my programme is quite full.)
"Have you read any interesting books?"
(Well, I'll cut any number in reason.)
"It's a very good band, don't you think?
"Have you had many dances this season?"
(Now I wonder who *that* is—in pink).

"Er—isn't it wonderful weather?"
(She always looks lovely in white;
Oh, we must have a two-step together!)
"Well, they tell me it *froze* in the night."
(I'm—her partner's a bit *too* admiring!)
"No, I don't think I've danced here before;
"Yes, the floor *is* a little bit tiring."
(Will she give me a couple—or more?)

"Er—didn't it *rain* on the Monday?"
(Shall I ask her to-night—shall I?—No!
Better wait till I see her on Sunday).
"Yes—I'm sorry—you re right—it was snow."
(I could do with a drink in a minute).
"No, I don't think I recognise this . . .
". . . Number Five . . they're about to begin it . .
Many thanks . . " (Now for Betty and bliss!)

BADMINTON AT RICHMOND

By A "BYSTANDER"

Is there a future before the game of Badminton, or is it merely enjoying the brief notoriety of a boom? This is a question which a good many people, mindful of the fate of ping-pong, are asking just now. But badminton is a very different game from ping-pong. Ping-pong was nothing but a poor imitation of lawn tennis, looked at, as it were, through the wrong end of a telescope, and played with such puny weapons that there was nothing athletic left in it. Badminton is an improvement upon one of the primitive pastimes of our nursery days, which, by a process of evolution, has developed into a scientific, and by no means un-athletic, game. It appeals especially to the busy man, because it can be played by artificial light, and on dark winter evenings he can still get in his evening exercise, and keep as fit as he was in summer.

My impression, then, is that, for the reasons outlined above, there is a useful and honourable career in store for Badminton, and this impression was strengthened by a chance visit to the Drill Hall at Richmond the other day, when the Surrey Championship Tournament was in progress. Nearly all the best players in the South were competing, perhaps the most notable absentee being Miss D. K. Douglass, the lady lawn tennis champion, who had already left for the South of France with a view to making her début at the lawn tennis tournaments of the Riviera. I was struck with the businesslike air of the proceedings, and with the comparative dearth, in a large entry, of the duffer element. Yet, good as the play was all round, there were indications that the possibilities of the game have by no means been exhausted, and that even the best players are still gradually adding to their repertoire of strokes. The perfect shuttle, moreover, has yet to be invented.

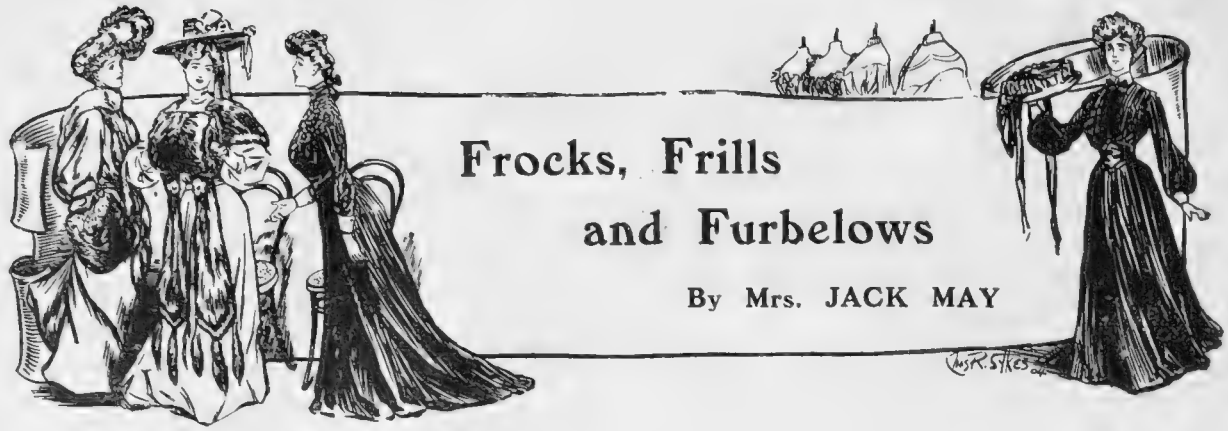
Miss Bateman

Who played an excellent game. She is noted for her smashing

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

A group of Badminton players at Richmond

Bottom row, sitting, from left to right: Miss Hogarth, Miss Lucas, Miss Thomson, Miss Bateman, Miss Murray, Miss H. Harper. Included in the top row are: Miss Kelly, Miss F. Meyer, Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Thuillier, Miss Davenport, Miss Gowenlock



Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Something We May Miss

We were discussing the outlook with an eminently congenial spirit the other day, who verified the very strong conviction Ambrosine and I already had, that simplicity will be the ultimate key-note of the season's best styles. That this report will be a little difficult of credence, in face of the preliminary batch of models, we are well aware. But the fact remains, that despite the almost insistent prevalence here of the fulled skirt for all conditions of costume, in Paris, the walking jupe, par excellence, the style smiled upon by all the leading *élégantes* is the erstwhile favourite umbrella, revived under slightly altered conditions, so far as the flow at the feet is concerned, a detail that is excessive. But the hips are perfectly moulded, and without dart or seam, while, at the back, a slight fulness is apparent to meet sympathetically certain latter-day convictions.

And not only because it is exclusive are we pleased to welcome this skirt departure, but also because it is the very epitome of comfort, and, incidentally also, we are pleased to reflect its sartorial possibilities are beyond the capabilities of the little dressmaker, whose plagiarising proclivities are considerably in advance of her experience.

A chic taffeta coatee, with lined sleeves, revealing plissé frills of white chiffon

The New Wrinkled Bodice

In like measure we may dread the tyro's attack on the wrinkled corsage. This is, perhaps, one of the most subtly dangerous fancies ever accorded us by a capricious *la mode*, and there are signs already in these abnormally early days of a dangerous and unhappy exaggeration. The whole secret of this art, we are given to understand by one who has such things at her finger tips, lies in the manœuvring of the material on the cross, which enables a perfectly clear line to be maintained beneath the arms, while the fulness for the decorative wrinkling, which usually culminates up centre front in a little outstanding heading, arrives subtly and naturally, this enhancing rather than disguising the lines of the figure. It is the heavy hand, actuated by the heavy mind, that is responsible for so much evil in the world where modes are concerned.

Although Ambrosine warns me against broaching the suggestion, since it is almost impossible to define, nevertheless I cannot refrain from pointing out how there is a certain light wit and piquancy about the best modes, craving the gentlest, most understanding expression. In the first instance, the most artistically successful models are literally tossed together, the sartorial art being exercised in acquiring at once the spirit of these inspirations, together with a practical realisation thereof.

You have an illuminative instance, by the way, of this subtlety in the pretty little taffeta coatee pictured. To limit this model, even for descriptive purposes, to one colour, would be positively criminal, though we may advise consideration of its charms in *pervenche* blue, any of the new wood violet tones, or that rich watercress green, while black, of course, goes without saying. And with the latter there should, for choice, go a waistcoat of old brocade, or one of ivory moiré, hand-embroidered in faint Louis Seize colourings.

The wired sleeves, again, are a detail to be noted, revealing an interior all *plissé* frills of white chiffon, though these bring forward another debatable query.

A smart black evening frock of Ninon, with a quaint chemisette of white chiffon

The One Thing Needful

A need at all times more or less in request, but paramount during a mid-season, is the smart black evening frock, and few will deny the claim of the one pictured above to be considered *chic*. It is built of Ninon, inset with arched *motifs* of lace, which at the hem resolve into large wheel effects, worked up with chenille and silk. The distinctive feature of the design, of course, is the quaint fulled chemisette and short, puffed sleeves, ornamented with narrow close quillings of black ribbon and a quantity of little butterfly bows centred by small paste diamond buttons.

A Woman's Pocket Book

We are learning the secret, if not of perpetual, at least of prolonged, youth. Youth, it seems, is not always the fair and innocent thing it appears: it is sometimes just rank selfishness, and its worst manifestation is the "Beautiful Mother." A young girl has written very feelingly to a contemporary on this subject. She is only seventeen, so that one feels that she cannot complain of having been wronged very long; surely she should wait another year to see if the "keeping-back" process she mourns might not be changed or modified. Mamma's sin is that she is young and pretty. How inconsiderate—nay, how brutal—of mamma! Let the spinster be kittenish at fifty. Who cares? But mamma must be taught to dress and act and look and think in a more suitable fashion; to try to take life with a solemnity which will introduce streaks of silver into her hair and wrinkles upon her countenance. The most pathetic point of this particular farce is that the injured one has equal right to her place in the world, because, as she owns, with a most delightful candour, she, too, is very pretty.

The recent case of the poor undefended man who found himself obliged to appeal for protection against his mother-in-law, was decidedly entertaining. The law showed itself unfeeling in the extreme to his sufferings, and presumedly the irritating relative is now unpleasantly triumphant; she may even have gone so far as to resort to the feminine "I told you so." The magistrate callously remarked, "What next?"—but perhaps he had never had a mother-in-law, since from time immemorial this relationship has been regarded as the worst of the woes of unhappy man. It is usual, of course, to settle one's domestic affairs in a more private manner; but the beautiful orderliness of the solemn, though futile, appeal to the law of the land, rather than the resort to perpetual sharp words in one's own house, is really striking. It is well the magistrate dismissed the case, however; for, if only one half of the quarrelsome families in the country took their differences into court, there would be no time for more important business.

A melancholy journalist, who may, perhaps, be suffering from the influenza microbe, says, "We are not in earnest about anything now in England, and therefore eloquence is dying out among us." This is a very distressing piece of news; and though abundantly contradicted by other writers, who have, perhaps, just as good opportunity of judging, leaves us in a state of pensive gloom on account of the unbecoming frivolity of our fellow-countrymen. I do not know that eloquence matters so much; nor even that the disappearance of this gift is any sign of levity on the part of the nation. As a rule, we talk too much; so we need not mourn if we find that many people are not so fluent as formerly. After all, the very end of this same talking is to impress somebody with our words; and, if eloquence is really not so universal as it used to be, there is more chance that there will be somebody left to listen.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: A Twelve o'clock Déjeuner

Eggs in Cases.
Grilled Slips.
Hot-pot.
Cold Pressed Beef.
Ham.
Tea and Coffee. Marmalade and Preserves.
Fruit Various.

EGGS IN CASES

Put into some white fire-proof china cases a piece of butter the size of a nut, with a small pinch of parsley, some pepper, salt, and a cayenne spoonful of cayenne. Break an egg into each case, add a teaspoonful of grated Parmesan, and a sprinkling of baked bread-crumbs. Put the cases in the oven for about five minutes, and serve.

GRILLED SLIPS

Small soles, called "slips," are excellent grilled, and make a tasty breakfast dish. Scrape, but do not skin, the soles; dissolve a little butter, and pass the fish through it, then put on the grill, and cook for about five minutes, or until they are nicely browned. Serve with cut lemon and brown bread and butter.

HOT-POT

INGREDIENTS.—Three pounds best end neck of mutton, four sheep's kidneys, one and a half dozen oysters, three pounds of potatoes, half a pound of Spanish onions, three-quarters of a pint of stock, salt and pepper, one ounce of butter: Parboil the potatoes in salted water for ten minutes, and cut them in slices about half an inch in thickness. Peel and cut the onions in rings. Skin the kidneys, and cut each in eight long strips. Beard and halve the oysters. Now take a deep casserole dish with a lid and fill it with a layer of meat, then kidney and oyster, then onion, potato, and seasoning, until the casserole is nearly full. The top layer should be of potato, the slices overlaying each other a little. Pour in the stock, and put little pieces of butter on the potatoes. Put on the lid, and bake in a slow oven from three to four hours. For the last half-hour leave the lid off, so that the potatoes may brown. Be careful that the gravy does not dry up, and should it do so, add more stock or good gravy. Serve in the casserole.

SPICED BEEF

For 10 lb. of beef, make the following pickle: 1 lb. of common salt, 2 oz. of saltpetre, 1 oz. of cloves, ½ oz. of allspice, ½ lb. of coarse sugar. Let all these ingredients be thoroughly pounded and mixed together. Take 10 lb. of the brisket of beef, rub it well with this pickle every day for a fortnight. Have all the bones taken out before pickling, and when about to cook it, roll it up as tightly as possible and bind it round with tape; place it in a deep saucepan, with a little stock or water, enough to cover, and boil it very gently for four hours. When cold, cut the string, place it between two heavy weights, and cover with glaze.

EMILIA.

HEAL & SON'S

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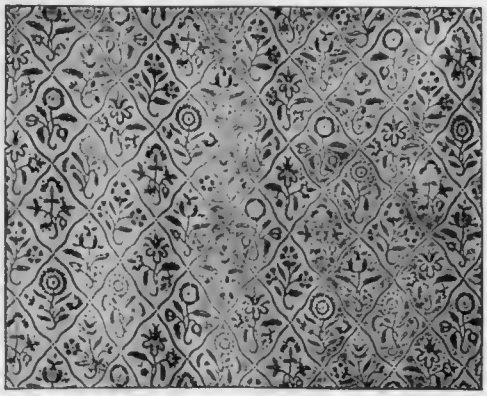

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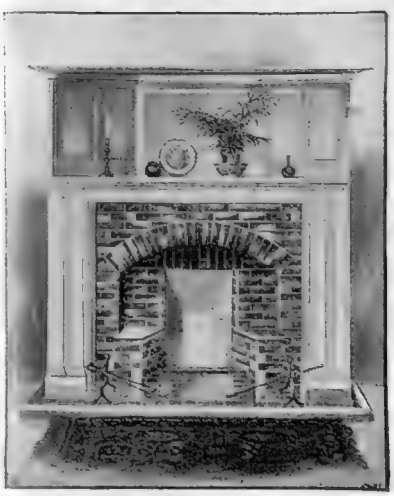

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THE NEW ACTIVE SERVICE CLUB

The Active Service Club: Exterior view

"Yes, this is one of the principal dining-rooms." It was the secretary of the Active Service Club who was speaking. He was kindly showing me over the new club-house at 117, Piccadilly, which will open its doors very shortly. The dining-room in question is a magnificent apartment, overlooking the Green Park, and decorated with delicate grey-green Japanese panels. I noticed a quaint little gallery peeping out into this room, and was informed that from it Gladstone, on more than one occasion, had addressed an influential audience, when the premises had formed the residence of a former occupier. The new club-house, which, by-the-by, stands at the corner of Down Street, and boasts, consequently, an excellent side light, has an imposing entrance hall. This hall, the mediæval staircase, are panelled throughout with old oak, which gives to the visitor, on entering the club, an impression of comfort. The Active Service Club is up-to date in every way. In the hall, for instance, in addition to the tape-machine and telephone, I noticed a mechanical contrivance for ascertaining, at a moment's notice, the cab fares from the club to any destination within the radius.

The committee include, among other influential members, Admiral Sir C. G. Fane, Rear-Admiral E. S. Poë, Rear-Admiral Percy Scott, Sir Charles Knox, K.C.B., the Right Hon. Sir Albert Hime, Lord Vivian, etc.; these three latter names appearing on the executive committee.

The club is a proprietary one, and the liability of the committee and members is strictly limited to the annual subscription, which is ten guineas. At present there is no entrance fee. There is an excellent billiard-room, card-room, and bedrooms for members, so that we can predict a long and prosperous life for the new Service club, for it will be filling a long-felt want amongst active service men, who find it difficult to gain immediate admission to the "In and Out," and other Naval and Military clubs, not to mention the drawback of an absurdly heavy entrance fee demanded by these old-established, overcrowded, institutions.

A. F.

At the New Active Service Club: Two interior views

DECORATION *of the* MODERN HOME

Hall, with Inglenook

(By Gillow, 406-414, Oxford Street)

THE DECORATION OF THE MODERN HOME

The Taste of To-Day

Although there is still much that is unpleasing and ephemeral in the decorations of our homes to-day, we are inclined to proclaim the present period as one of excellent taste in regard to the applied arts of the house. Whatever our faults, we, at least, are candid enough to admit that we cannot do better than reproduce the designs and decorative details of more than a hundred years ago—

> . . . . . that past Georgian day
> When men were less inclined to say
> That "Time is Gold" and over lay
> With toil their pleasure;

when hand labour was a more inexpensive affair, too, and when leisure aided personal industry in the production of perfect household work. But that day of careful manual execution is over; we recognise that ours is the machine age, and that which skilful hands mainly performed for our great-grandfathers must now be done by electricity and steam. In the first flush of this discovery by the manufacturers of household objects, they were content that the work put forth should be merely mechanical, and all æsthetic laws were laughed to scorn. But, at last, we can say that that poor commercial point of view has also passed away. In the future the enormous strength of machinery will be tempered by the subtleties of art, and the results, which have already appeared in isolated cases, will become of general benefit.

The Bad Old Way

Not long since, everything produced for the decoration of the home was absolutely bad; machinery had killed the old taste, and substituted ignorant, shameless horrors of

A reproduction of Louis XV. Salon by Messrs. Shoolbred

Room decorated in the "Adam" spirit, showing mirror over chimneypiece

A revival of this style has completely taken the place of the overmantel of yesterday. Decorated by Messrs. Shoolbred

A reproduction of the historic Long Gallery at Knole, carried out by Messrs. Gillow

its own, which have taken at least two generations to die. At the end of the last century, the critics of the decorative arts were insistent on our decadent attitude, and, indeed, the horrors of, say, a middle-class drawing-room of that period were not easily exaggerated. Although the public are slow to change, and many years have passed without improvement, good influences have been at work, and even now a revolution is everywhere visible. The Caliban of machinery has, at last, come beneath the influence of the Prospero of art, and nowhere is the result seen to better advantage than in the production of the decoration and furniture of the modern home.

whose influence is often unacknowledged and unrecognised, did an immense deal toward the acclimatisation of Chinese and Japanese work, and, with it, those laws of brilliancy, of proportion, of lightness, of arrangement, and above all, of simplicity, which are the hope of our present-day taste.

Rich Simplicity

There can be no doubt but that the fine flower of the teaching given in the modern applied arts, is simplicity. This does not in any way imply poverty; your decorations may be rich and bright and gay, if you will, and as expensive as your purse will admit, but simple still.

Eighteenth century chairs and sideboard in modern surroundings. Dining-room by Messrs. Gillow

Our Debt to the Artists

It is a bold saying, but we believe we owe this long-awaited result to the spread of artistic feeling fostered by the schools which have their head at South Kensington. Weak in its beginnings, laughed to scorn, and justly, as regards its effects upon painting, a failure in a thousand ways, this movement has succeeded beyond expectation in raising the general tone of taste, particularly in regard to the applied arts. What South Kensington has done collectively, many artists have accomplished personally. Men like Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Birket Foster, Orrock, and so forth, were among the earliest collectors of the beautiful English household work of the eighteenth century; Whistler,

The Causes of the Present English Taste

These may be very shortly stated as the interest which artists and collectors have induced us to take in the work of the eighteenth century, and the taste which has grown among us for the colouring, simplicity, and arrangement, which we owe to the Chinese and Japanese. It may be thought that these things are incompatible, and it is quite possible that you could find many objects of the eighteenth century that would not be in sympathy with Japanese feeling. But this is not so with the wisely chosen things. The walls and decorations which Whistler designed for his own houses are undoubtedly of Japanese origin, but they would make perfectly happy

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backgrounds for the best examples of eighteenth century furniture. The Oriental furniture, especially that of lacquer work, of whatever period, has always a charming decorative result, in combination with old English furniture and surroundings. But it is in the just homogeneous union of various styles and periods that the art of the decoration of the home is most necessary.

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Antique furniture as applied to modern surroundings in Mr. Clement Parsons's dining-room

Adaptation of Furniture to Arbitrary Environment

It is in this connection that the greatest difficulties present themselves to the collector and man of taste, especially, perhaps, in London and large cities. Few of us can have houses built for us, and very many must happen upon those that were erected in a day when taste was somewhat under a cloud, say, in the sixties of the last century. Then it becomes the pleasing duty of the owner of beautiful things to adapt his rooms to their use. It would be difficult to find a more satisfactory way to do this than that shown in the fourth illustration (page 536). Here the eighteenth century furniture, although in modern surroundings, is absolutely at home, so to speak; the broad white panels and the cupboards with glass windows (housing fine specimens of old Nankin), the Oriental carpet, and mahogany doors, are all excellently in keeping; even the electric light, although, in a sense, a trifle anachronistic, is never out of the picture. The same style of skilful adaptation of the treasures of the past to the environment of to-day is seen in the corner of the drawing-room of Mr. Clement

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A highly successful example of taste in antique household decoration for a drawing-room as applied to a house of about fifty years ago by Mr. Clement Parsons

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Antique bookcase in modern flat

Parsons, here illustrated. Here the owner has been particularly fortunate in the acquisition of a fine mantelpiece of the Inigo Jones period, which would add distinction to any room. Here, and in the two other illustrations of rooms which have not been greatly elaborated, one sees the charm that good examples of the eighteenth century work can give to somewhat commonplace rooms, especially if an absence of affectation in the other details of the furniture is secured. The mysterious household goods which, while being one thing, hope to be mistaken for another; the draperies that obscure defective lines and tarnished surfaces; in short, all those make-believes which don't make one believe, and all the false lights that fail to convince, must be utterly swept away if you wish to accommodate the masterpieces of cabinet work, such as a thousand workmen produced in the eighteenth century in England, within your recently constructed houses. By giving the old pieces plain backgrounds and plenty of room, the result of beauty and comfort is far more likely to be obtained than by the use of complicated decoration and many vanities.

Reproductions

The difficult art of reproducing the work of past periods has been brought to a point of perfection in our day, which sometimes startles the casual collector of the antique. Such firms as Messrs. Gillow, who have been manufacturers for very many generations, are particularly happy in this connection. Such a reproduction as the gallery at Knole is an example of what may be done perfectly legitimately in this direction. Of course, machinery is used where once so large an amount was hand work, and labour-saving methods of all kinds are employed, but at the same time the greatest skill and care is demanded in the selection of materials and

Bedroom suite founded on the spirit of the best eighteenth century design adapted to present-day uses. The posts of the bedstead are original. By Messrs. Heal and Son

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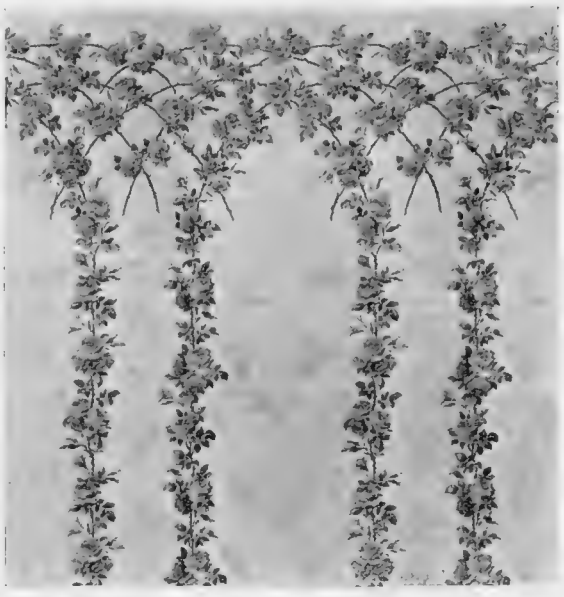
in the carrying out of the delicate and intricate work. To reproduce all the varying beauties of a Jacobean gallery in this manner is a considerable feat in itself, but the actual furniture and decorations must be seen for one to know how satisfactorily every detail has been carried out. On a lesser scale, but in its way equally effective, is the reproduction of a room by Messrs. Shoolbred, in which the Adam feeling is the *motif* (page 535). Here the essentially domestic and home-like atmosphere of late eighteenth century work is admirably preserved, although we are inclined to think the room a little over-filled with furniture for perfect convenience. But this is a fault to which all lovers of well-planned furniture fall victims. It is seen to a slight extent in the delicate reproduction by Messrs. Shoolbred, also, of a Louis XV. room (page 534), but as this style is usually reserved for salons of ceremony or mere occasional use, the difficulty does not so often arise.



"Rose Bower" wall paper. By Chas. Knowles, Chelsea

Bedrooms

In no department of the modern house has eighteenth century furniture been so cleverly adapted as in that of the bedroom. At the present time a great deal of excellent work of this kind has been done by Messrs. Heal and Son, who have devoted no small research into the various kinds of furniture of our great-grandfathers, with the view of giving us the beauties of the bygone days and the utilitarian advantages of our own times. The room we show (page 540) is really a conspicuous victory in this direction. The bedstead, by the way, has the original posts, while all the rest of the framework is of the most modern character. But, side by side with these reproductions, or rather, applications, of the antique, there is a sound taste for bedroom furniture in a style that may be fairly considered of our own day. This is particularly shown in rooms fitted throughout with the necessary pieces, as in the illustration given below. This system has many obvious advantages as regards the economy of space, and the resultant *ensemble*, which should always be an aim in furnishing any room, and, perhaps, most of all a bedroom, where a restful result is most desired. We regret that we have not space to do more than roughly generalise on the advances of taste that show at the present time in household decoration; but if we could discuss the matter in detail, one of the most interesting departures might be found in regard to wall papers, which have at length gained a lightness and bright delicacy which should do much to make the world happier, and renew the charms of home.

Modern bedroom completely fitted so that space is economised and an agreeable "ensemble" of effect is gained By Messrs. Harold Lancaster and Co.

The Gordon Bennett

The difficulties that have arisen with regard to this fierce, famous race, have at last been finally settled, and the Grand Prix is now to be held in the last fortnight in June, three weeks before the Gordon Bennett. This Grand Prix will constitute the French eliminating trials, and it seems to me that it might well serve also as an opportunity for the English club to choose its three representatives. England has the right to run five cars in the Grand Prix, and if the club were to hold a preliminary trial in the Isle of Man, and reduce the number of competitors to five, the final selection might well be made after the five have run in the Grand Prix. This race, it must be remembered, is over the same course as the Gordon Bennett. It should afford our English drivers a fine piece of practice, and it would be hard to get such a splendid eliminating test as the Grand Prix offers.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lady Warwick

Who will shortly embark on a motor tour in a 40 h.-p. Wolseley in the cause of labour, under the auspices of the Social Democratic Federation

Nothing Like Wood

One of the best of the power boats at Olympia was a 40 foot motor launch, exhibited by Messrs. Sanders, of Cowes, Isle of Wight. Long and slim looking the lines of this launch appealed to one's eye, and suggested speed with a minimum of water disturbance. Engined with a 10 h.-p. four-cylinder Napier marine engine, this boat is capable of doing a comfortable twelve miles an hour. At this speed, the boat runs perfectly clean through the water, almost on the top of the water, so light is the hull, without vibration, without noise, without wash. The Napier reverse gear is fitted. Diminutive in size, light in weight, compact and neat in appearance, it seems to be as good as anything of its kind on the market. Throughout the whole of the fittings of the boat, lightness and strength have been considered, and everything looks right, and is right, except, perhaps, that the seats would be as well replaced by the ordinary, and far more comfortable, lounge wicker chairs. Perhaps the most interesting thing about this boat, however, is the construction of the hull. It is built up of thin layers of picked wood, which are applied to the framework layer by layer, care being taken that the grain in each layer runs in a different direction to the preceding layer. In between each layer is a coating of special varnish and a sheet of silk, and the whole of the layers of wood and silk, when the hull has been built up, are sewn together with copper wire in a special manner, and this copper wire sewing is also used to attach the planking—if one may so call these layers of wood and silk—to the timbers of the boat itself.

Why not Light Wooden Torpedo-boats

This method of construction, for which Messrs. Sanders, of Cowes, hold the patent, is not by any means new; but the demands which the marine motor manufacturers make upon the launch builder for extreme lightness, combined with strength, have brought it prominently forward. It is claimed that this method of construction is stronger far, weight for weight, than steel, that the strain and stress which these long, light boats meet with, when driven right out in a sea way, are best met by a structure which is homogeneous, and that where a steel-constructed hull would tend to buckle, leak, and sheer the rivets, these boats bend and strain, but come back again none the worse. The recent behaviour of the Napier racing launch with a sewn wood hull proved so satisfactory that the Admiralty might well risk a few hundred pounds in a light torpedo boat built on this principle. Fitted with very powerful Napier engines, she should be possessed

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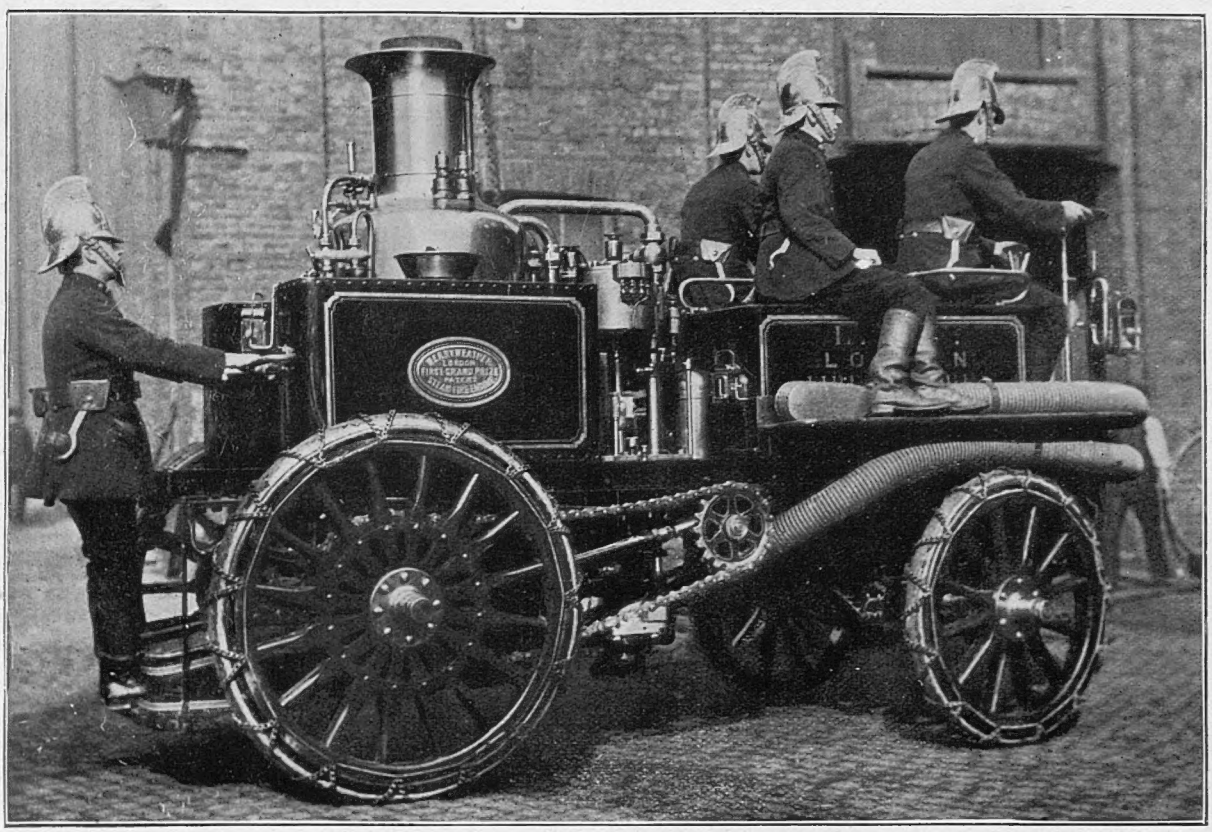


Photo by *Advance Agency*

The new motor fire-engine just adopted by the London Fire Brigade

It develops 50 h.-p. and is capable of delivering 500 gallons a minute

of remarkable speed, and although one can hardly look for a very long life from such boats, yet the damage she could inflict in a short time should be enormous. Manned by, at the most, three of four men, costing only a few hundreds of pounds, travelling at a high rate of speed, our friends the Japanese have shown us what awkward customers torpedo-boats can be if they are handled with determination and a disregard of risk.

Pleasant Signs of Returning Spring

Spring is not an unmixed blessing. Owing to the passing of the winter, the Russians are suffering once more at the hands of the Japs, and near at home the fine, mild weather we have recently experienced has enabled the police to again assume the *offensive*. A spot near Bolney cross roads is the scene of their latest victory. Hiding in holes behind a hedge on the Brighton road, and armed with an electrical timing apparatus, they have won a brave victory, their valiant conduct resulting in twelve casualties amongst London motorists.

Kelvined

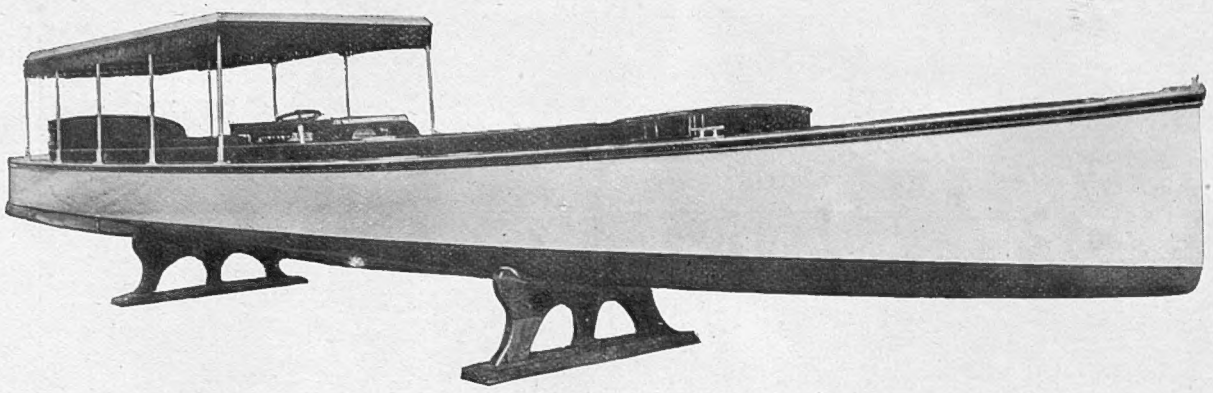
The subsequent proceedings at the Hayward's Heath Police Court produced ten convictions, and fines amounting to £130. Policeman Waghorn was loud in his praises of the electrical apparatus, which is the invention of Lord Kelvin; but neither he nor the Bench of magistrates seem to see that, however good the apparatus may be, if it is to give *accurate* results, it must be worked by an *unbiassed* expert, and not by a clumsy constable interested in the results. Deep-sea sounders, hot-water taps, a timing apparatus which gets motorists into hot water—nothing comes amiss to Lord Kelvin's fertile brain. Could he not put on the market a delicate electrical apparatus, the needle of which would infallibly indicate the presence of a policeman?

Mr. Punch's Motors

As our London threepenny wit generally contains a couple of motor pictures a week, it is surely about time that its artists learnt to draw a car correctly. In its issue of March 1, Mr. Frank Wright, who frankly is wrong, represents a car with an impossible body like an overgrown hip-bath, and a starting handle so situated that no one could possibly turn it. Will the Editor of the London Charivari or "Carvary" tell us the name of this magnificent motor?

Five Hundred Gallons a Minute

The London County Council is now the proud possessor of a motor fire engine. With steam as its motive power, it is engined with a pair of inverted cylinders, developing 50 h.-p., and driving two direct, double-acting pumps, capable of delivering 500 gallons a minute. For travelling along the roads the power is taken from the crank-shaft of the engine to a counter-shaft, and thence to the road wheels by chains. The fuel is paraffin, and while it is geared to do thirty miles on the level; it can climb a gradient of one in eight at fifteen miles per hour. The next thing the L.C.C. should buy is a



A 40 ft. Napier Launch

The hull of this boat is remarkable in that it is not riveted, but sewn with copper wire

petrol fire engine; it should surely get off quicker from the station, for it develops its full power a second or two after you turn the handle. The efficiency and regularity of the modern four-cylinder are, too, beyond dispute.

The Highway Protection League

Subscriptions seem to be coming in, for this anti-motoring league are spending much good money in advertising its existence. Local branches are to be formed, and the Hon. Secretary states that any cheques or donations that may be sent will not be returned. All good motorists are interested in the protection of the highway, and any lover of petrol, who has a little spare time, would do well to take a hand in the management of a local branch. He might then usefully warn other motorists of the particular portions of the highway in his neighbourhood which have been measured by the police. By this means the highway would be protected, the authorities would be helped, and the necessity of police-court proceedings would be obviated. As the Kingston branch is hardly yet in operation, let me warn my readers to be easy with the highway when passing over the London Road, Kingston.

Alfred C. Hunter.

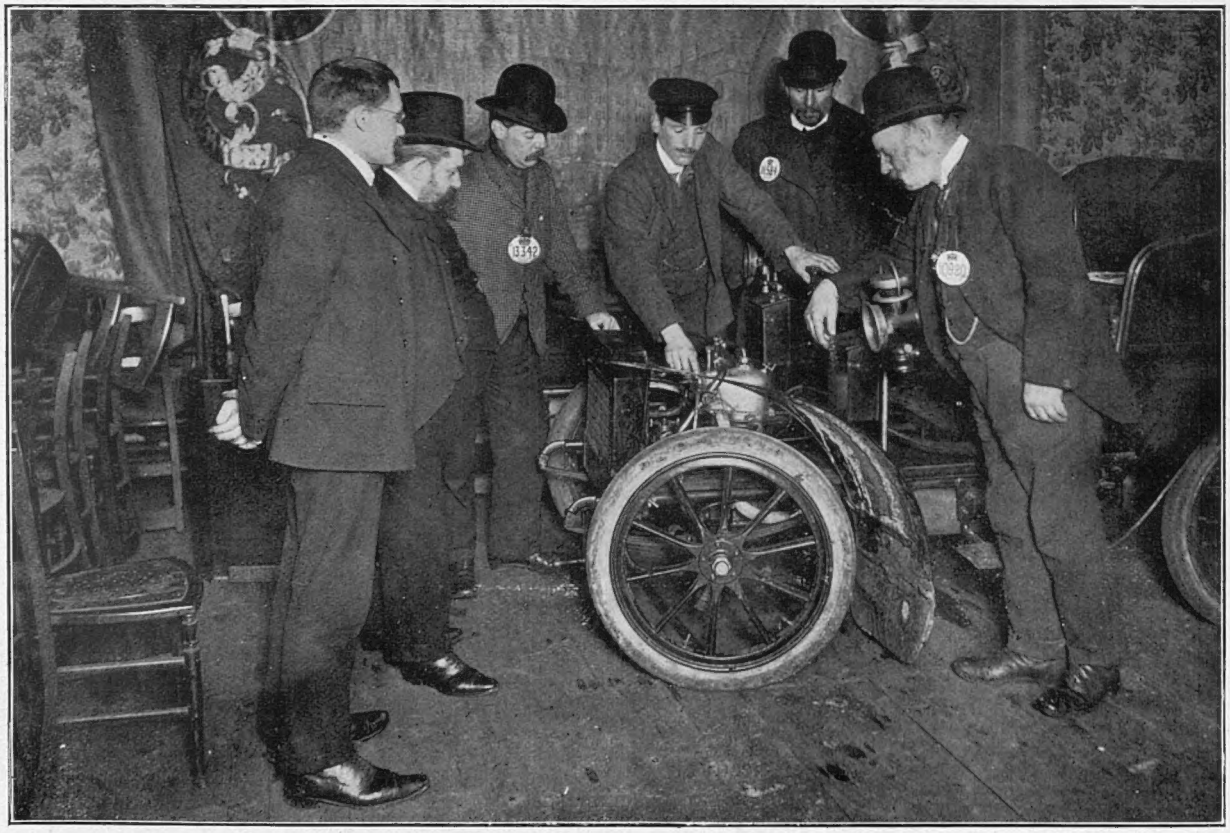


Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

Converting cabby into a chauffeur

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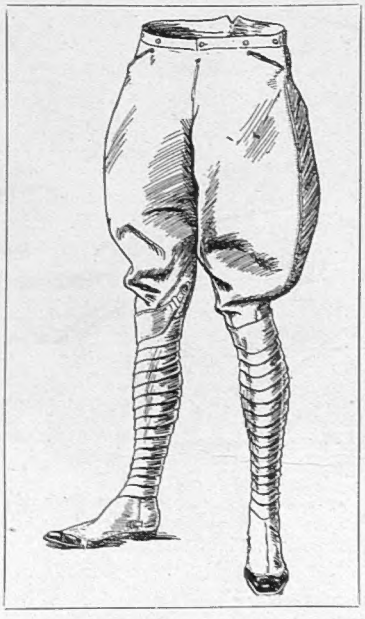

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Henry V., at the Imperial

In our issue for February 8 an hearty tribute was paid to the excellence of Mr. Lewis Waller's revival, and, of course (space being limited) the principals came in—justly enough—for the greatest share of praise. But the thing that impresses one most on a second visit is the general excellence of the whole cast. Knowing from a former visit how this or that "fine passage" will be declaimed by the player in a leading rôle, one leans back with more leisure to enjoy, and at the same time more attention is given to the players in the smaller rôles. Miss Sarah Brooke's charm and winsomeness make one regret that her speaking part is so small. Mr. A. E. George, as the warm-hearted and pedantic "Fluellen," seems to get as much fun out of his lines as the audience do in hearing him, while the rôles of "The Dauphin," "The Constable of France," and "The King of France" (the latter being particularly good), are invested with a reality which helps as much towards the success of the piece as of Mr. Lewis Waller's vigorous "Henry V." and Mr. William Mollison's inimitable "Pistol," both of which have come in for so much well-deserved praise. Our advice, to parody the well-known couplet, is:

Let those now go who never went before,
And those who have been once now go once more.

"The Little Stowaway," at the Canterbury

On Monday, March 27, there is to be revived at the Canterbury, Westminster Bridge Road, Mr. Fred Bowyer's famous nautical sketch, founded on Alfred Matthison's stirring poem, "The Little Hero," and entitled *The Little Stowaway*, with which the late Miss Jenny Hill scored an enormous success at the Paragon no less than sixteen years ago. The piece has now been acquired by Miss Ethel Arden and Mr. George Abel, who have been so fortunate as to secure Miss Nellie Bowman, from the Garrick Theatre, to interpret the title rôle. Since, at eight years old, this versatile little lady made her first bow to the public as the heroine in *Editha's Burglar* (to the Burglar of the jovial Lal Brough) at the now dismantled Globe Theatre, she has appeared in widely diversified productions, ranging from Shakespeare to *A Chinese Honeymoon*, but has had no part more happily suited to her talents than that which she is now rehearsing. Furnished with fresh scenery by Leolyn Hart, Ltd., equipped with new uniforms by Hyman, and dresses by Chadwick, and supported by a most capable company and a large staff of auxiliaries, *The Little Stowaway* should enjoy a long and prosperous second voyage.

The Scenic Artists' Association

The Scenic Artists' Association are anxious to obtain for their first annual exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, Bond Street, W., April 10 to April 15, 1905, specimens of the works of Bolena, Gates, Hunt, Marinare, Mulready, Marshall, Roberts, Tomkins, and other famous deceased scene painters. The secretary, Mr. H. Lawrence Harris, will be obliged if owners, willing to lend their paintings, water-colour sketches, and models, will communicate with him at 5, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C. Mr. Harris will also be glad to hear from artistes willing to give their services at the daily matinée entertainments at the exhibition. Messrs. George Alexander (St. James's), Oscar Asche (Adelphi), George Edwardes (Gaiety), Gilbert Hare (Savoy), Frederick Harrison and Cyril Maude (Haymarket), Dion Boucicault (Duke of York's), H. Beerbohm Tree (His Majesty's), Lewis Waller (Imperial), and other London theatrical managers have kindly promised to support the exhibition.

Terry's Theatre

Two special matinées of *The Merchant of Venice* will be given at Terry's Theatre on the afternoons of Thursday, the 9th, and Saturday, March 11. Mr. Norman Forbes will play "Shylock," Mr. Henry Ainley (by kind permission of Mr. Charles Frohmann) "Bassanio," Mr. Loring Fernie "Gratiano," and Mrs. Constance Stuart will be the "Portia." Mr. J. H. Barnes will produce the play and appear as "Antonio."

A Correction

We regret that owing to an error on the part of the photographer we published in our issue for March 1 a photograph purporting to be that of Miss Pound, the daughter of the Lord Mayor. Miss Pound writes to say that she is not the original of the photograph. To the parties concerned we beg to offer our sincere apologies.

This Week's Supplements

This issue contains two Supplements, both of interest to those engaged in the business of furnishing a house according to the artistic standards which obtain in these days. The first is an expert account of how to decorate a modern house, and traces the gradual steps by which modern machinery has been utilised to reproduce the beautiful models of former days. The second, a Coloured Supplement, entitled "A Fair Connoisseur," shows a very modern maiden examining an *objet de virtu*. It is from a water-colour drawing, specially made for THE BYSTANDER by James Durden.

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